

BLUE RIBBON

RICHY.



COMICS

MYSTERY



A GREAT BLACK HAND • CAPTAIN FLAG Story

No. 18
NOV.
10¢



[illegible]

CAPTAIN FLAG

A SILENT, BLACK-CLAD FIGURE GLIDES THROUGH THE ENVELOPING SHROUD OF NIGHT... STEALTHILY WORKING HIS WAY TOWARDS A FACTORY... *THE BLACK HAND* IS ONCE AGAIN ON THE LOOSE, BUT THEN—LEAPING ON HIM FROM AN OVER-HEAD GIRDER—CAPTAIN FLAG!

THE BLACK HAND SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND SWINGS A SECTION OF LEAD PIPE ON FLAG'S HEAD!

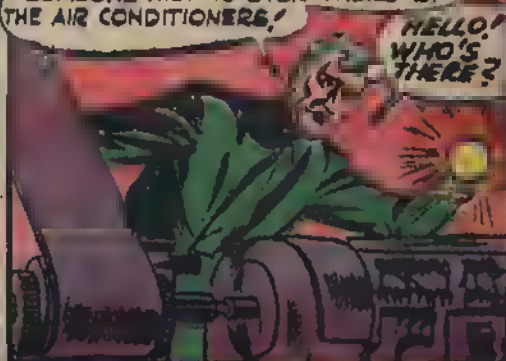
FOOL! DID YOU THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING? I WOULD END YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE HERE AND NOW—BUT FOR THE FACT THAT I HAVE WORK TO DO AND LITTLE TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT!

THE BLACK HAND LETS HIMSELF INTO THE FACTORY BY A REAR DOOR..



INSIDE, A WATCHMAN IS MAKING HIS ROUNDS, WHEN —

I HEARD SOMEONE MOVING OVER THERE BY THE AIR CONDITIONERS!



HELLO! WHO'S THERE?

SUDDENLY, A HAND CLOSES ABOUT THE WATCHMAN'S THROAT.



FOOLISH FIG! SUCH IS THE PRICE ALL MUST PAY WHEN THEY CHALLENGE THE BLACK HAND! NOTHING MUST STAND IN MY WAY! NOW, TO PROCEED WITH MY WORK!



THE BLACK HAND OPENS A SECTION OF THE AIR CONDITIONER AND PRODUCING VIALS OF GERMS, POURS THEIR CONTENTS INTO THE TUBE.

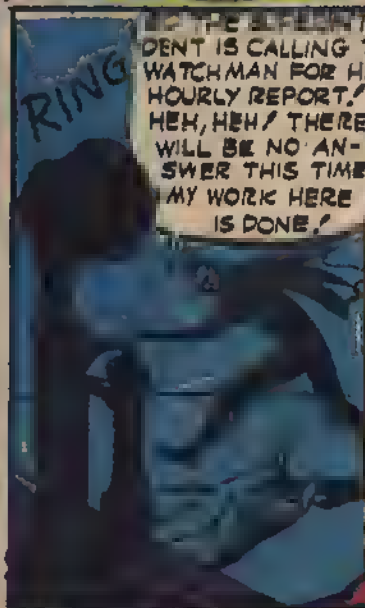


IN THE MORNING, WHEN THEY START THE AIR CONDITIONING MACHINE, THE WORKMEN WILL DIE LIKE FLIES! BUT THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY PLOT.



RING

THE SUPERINTENDENT IS CALLING THE WATCHMAN FOR HIS HOURLY REPORT! HEH, HEH! THERE WILL BE NO ANSWER THIS TIME! MY WORK HERE IS DONE!



MEANTIME, HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES

WHEN HE WAS HIT BY A CLOUT HE GAVE ME!





MAYBE I CAN STILL
GET HIM! HE MUST
BE IN THE FACTORY
HERE SOMEWHERE!

THERE HE
GOES! THIS
TIME I'LL
GET HIM!



BUT AS FLAG RACE CAP-
TER HIS ENEMY, A FEEBLE
MOTION FROM
THE WATCHMAN AT-
TRACTS HIS AT-
TENTION.

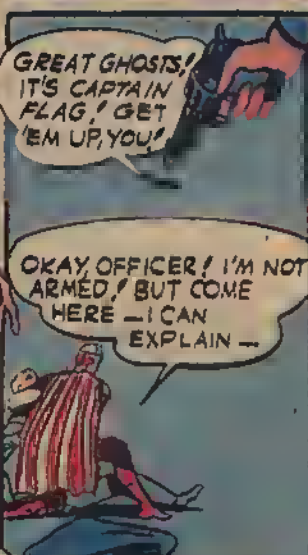


SO HE GOT YOU,
DID HE? DON'T TRY TO TALK,
OLD TIMER! JUST RELAX FOR
A MOMENT!

POOR DEVIL! HE'S
DONE FOR! HIS FACE IS AL-
READY TURNING BLACK!

OUTSIDE...

COME ON, BOYS!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG
INSIDE!



GREAT GHOSTS!
IT'S CAPTAIN
FLAG! GET
'EM UP, YOU!

OKAY, OFFICER! I'M NOT
ARMED! BUT COME
HERE — I CAN
EXPLAIN —



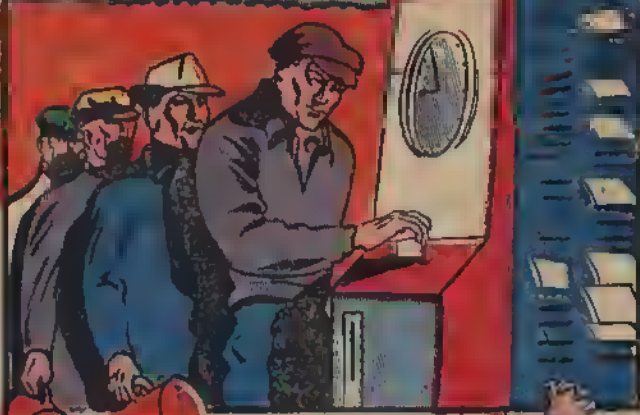
ALL WE KNOW
IS THE WATCH-
MAN DIDN'T ANSWER
HIS HOURLY
REPORT!

AND WHEN WE
BREAK IN WE
FIND THIS!



WE'RE TAKING YOU
INTO TH' JAIL HOUSE,
FLAG!

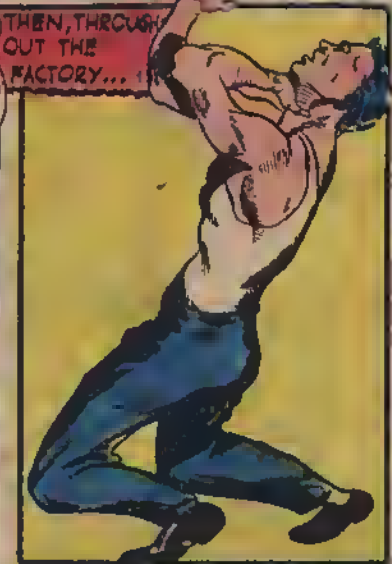
NEXT MORNING, AS THE WORKMEN ENTER THE FACTORY...



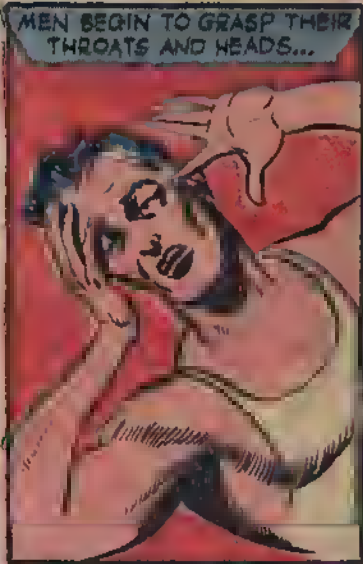
THE FIREMAN SETS THE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT IN OPERATION...



DO YOU FEEL WARM, JERRY?
YEAH, AND MY THROAT'S DRY TOO!



THEN, THROUGHOUT THE FACTORY...



MEN BEGIN TO GRASP THEIR THROATS AND HEADS...



AS THE GERM-LADEN AIR DROPS THEM TO THE FLOOR TO WRITHE IN ANGUISH AND TORTUROUS PAIN...

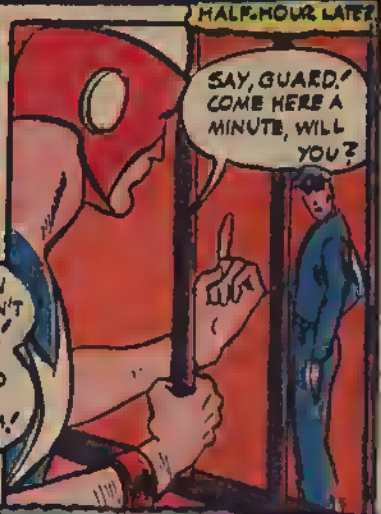
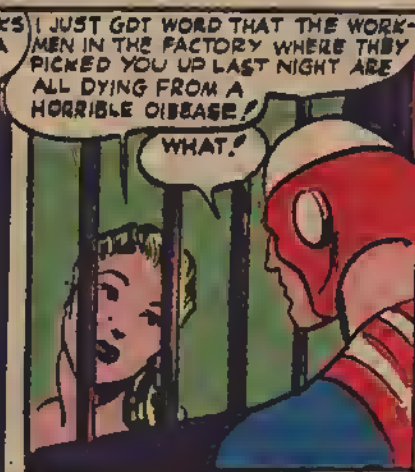


THE FIREMAN STAGGERS TO THE PHONE..

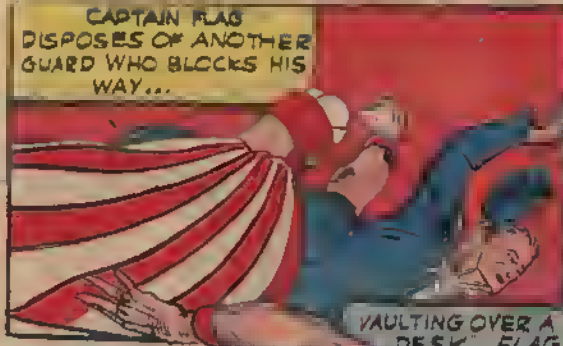
MUST-GET-WORD-MEN-ALL-DYING-



OPERATOR-GET-AM-BULANCES-TO-FACTORY-MEN DYING, HURRY, UGH!



CAPTAIN FLAG
DISPOSES OF ANOTHER
GUARD WHO BLOCKS HIS
WAY...

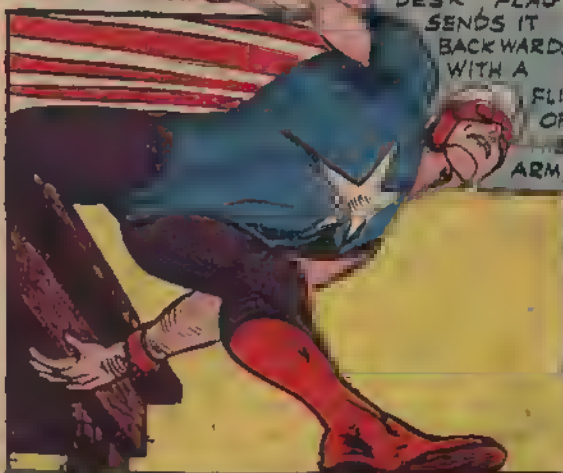


STOP HIM! YOU
STOP HIM!



VAULTING OVER A
DESK FLAG
SENDS IT
BACKWARDS
WITH A

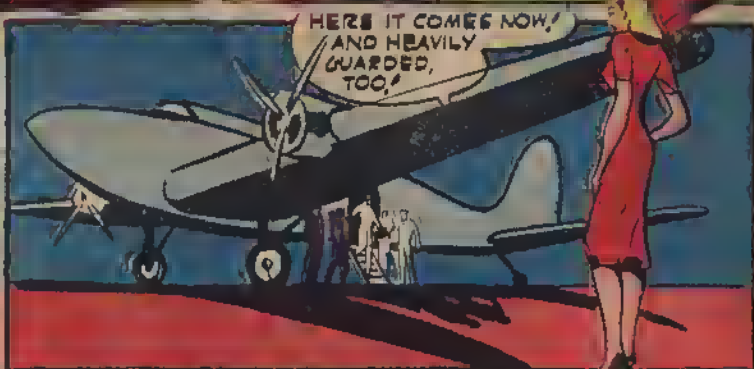
FLIP
OF
HIS
ARM!



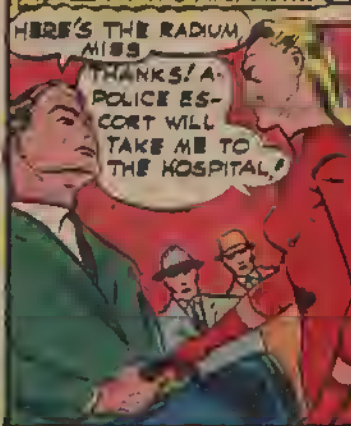
THE DESK PILES
UP HIS PURSUER
IN A MAD
SCRAMBLE!



MEANTIME, THE
RADIUM PLANE AR-
RIVES AT THE AIRPORT...

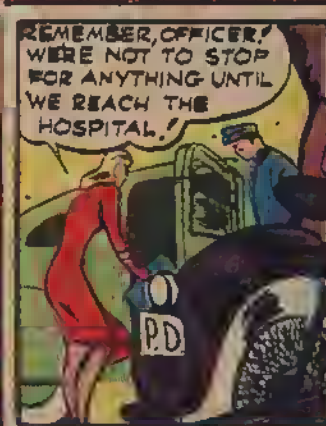


HERE IT COMES NOW!
AND HEAVILY
GUARDED,
TOO!

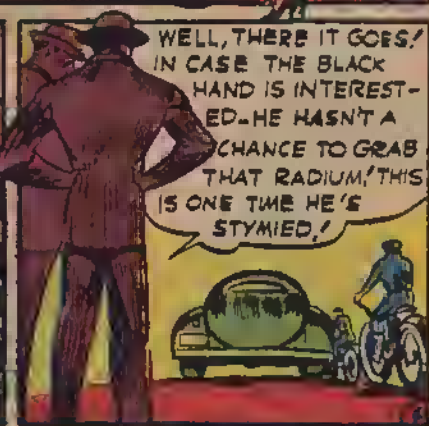


HERE'S THE RADIUM
MISS

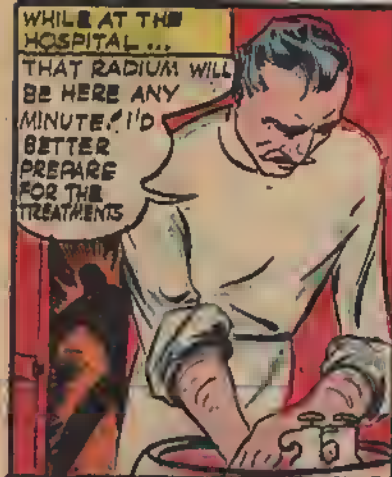
THANKS! A
POLICE ES-
CORT WILL
TAKE ME TO
THE HOSPITAL!



REMEMBER, OFFICER!
WE'RE NOT TO STOP
FOR ANYTHING UNTIL
WE REACH THE
HOSPITAL!



WELL, THERE IT GOES!
IN CASE THE BLACK
HAND IS INTEREST-
ED-HE HASN'T A
CHANCE TO GRAB
THAT RADIUM! THIS
IS ONE TIME HE'S
STYMIED!



WHILE AT THE HOSPITAL...
THAT RADIUM WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE. I'D BETTER PREPARE FOR THE TREATMENTS



SUDDENLY... THE BLACK HAND!

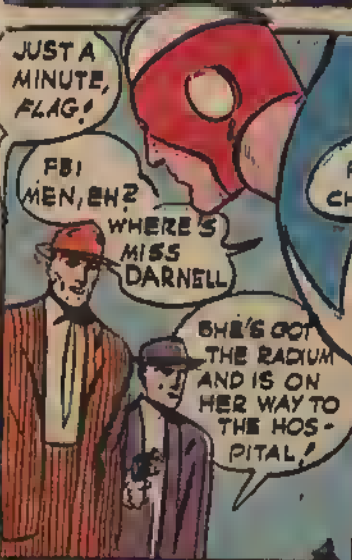
ARROH...



HEH, HEH, NOW TO PUT HIM IN THIS CLOSET AND THEN TAKE HIS PLACE



FLAG, MEANTIME RACES TO THE AIRPORT...



JUST A MINUTE, FLAG!

FBI MEN, EH? WHERE'S MISS DARNELL

SHE'S GOT THE RADIUM AND IS ON HER WAY TO THE HOSPITAL!



THEN SO AM I! SO LONG, GENTS! HERE'S MY PRIVATE CHAUFFEUR.



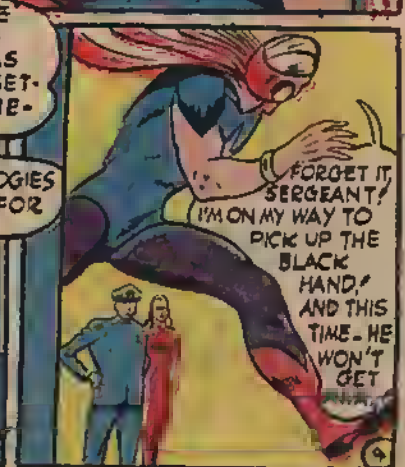
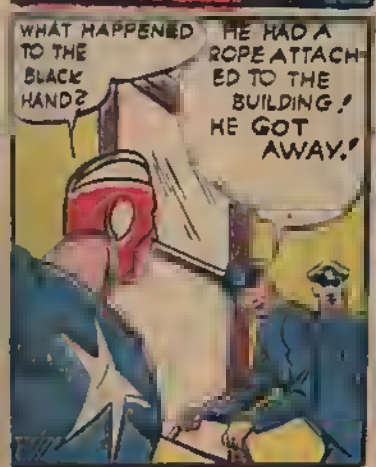
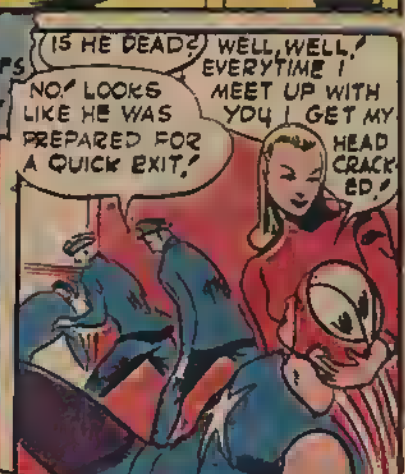
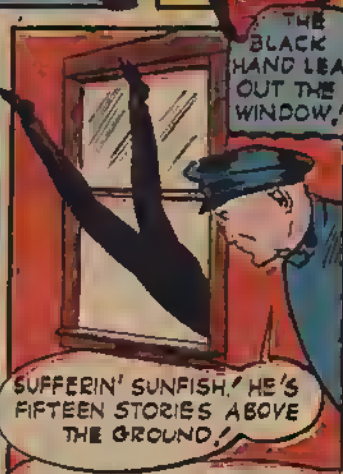
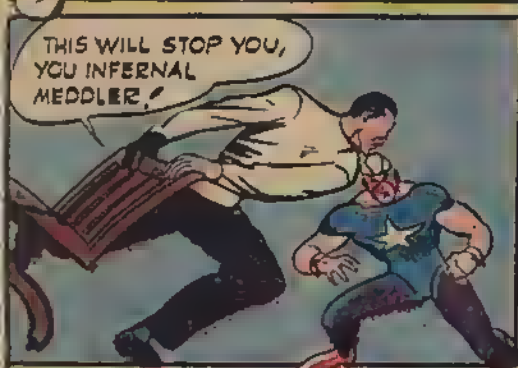
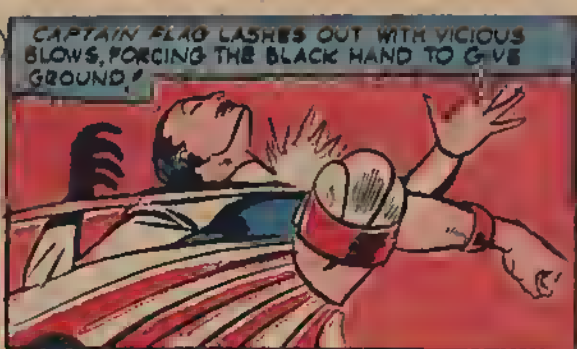
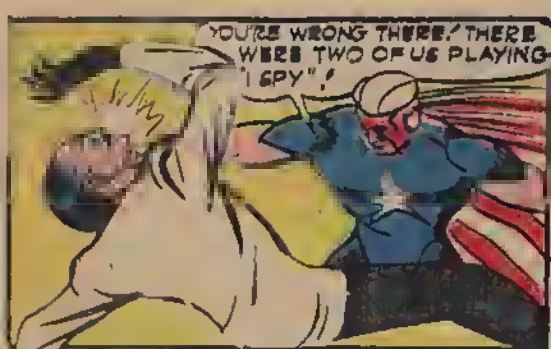
HOME, JAMES AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSEPOWER!



HE'S GETTING AWAY!

SO WHAT, VERONICA SAID TO TIP HIM OFF WHERE SHE WAS! PUT THAT GUN DOWN, I'LL STRING ALONG WITH HER ANY-DAY!





RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG... AND

Richy,

the AMAZING BOY

WELL, RUSS, YOU
THINK YOUR HORSE
ROARAWAY WILL
WIN THE HANDICAP
EASILY TOMORROW, EH?

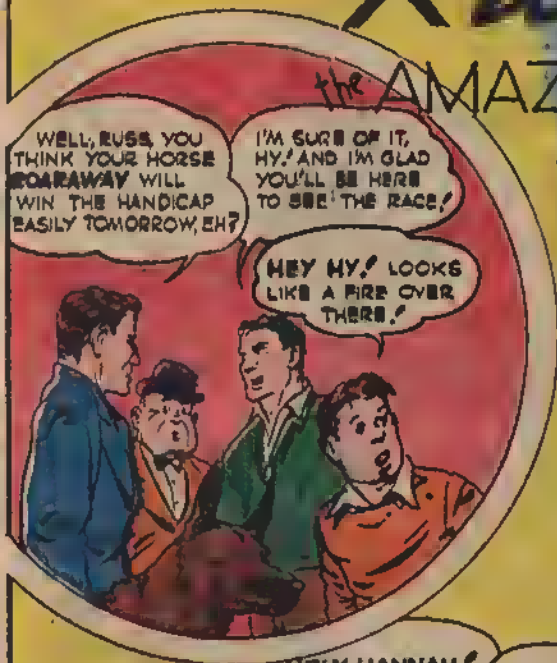
I'M SURE OF IT,
HY! AND I'M GLAD
YOU'LL BE HERE
TO SEE THE RACE!

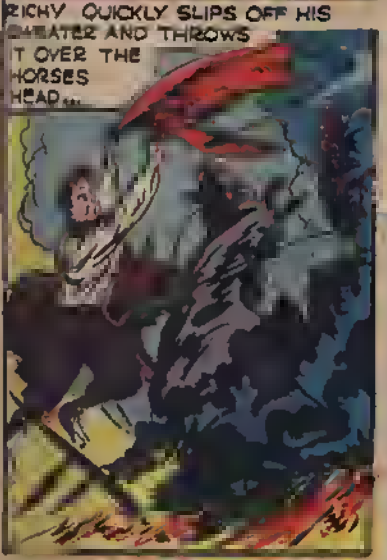
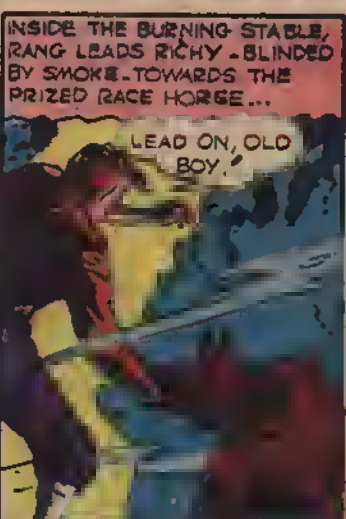
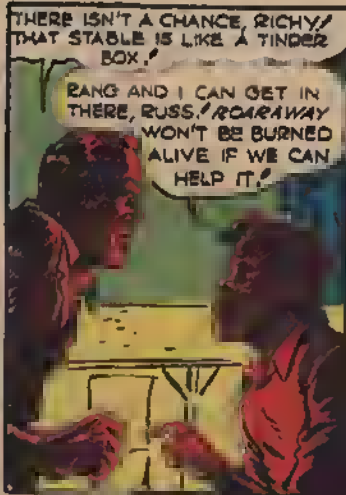
HEY HY! LOOKS
LIKE A FIRE OVER
THERE!

HOLY HANNAH!
IT'S MY STABLE!
ROARAWAY IS IN
THERE!

WHAT?!

LET'S GO
BOYS!





WHILE STANDING BACK IN THE
GROUP OF ONLOOKERS....

NUTS! THAT KID
AN' TH' DOG
GOT THE
HOSS OUT!

WE STILL GOT A
ACE UP OUR
SLEEVE, BEETLE
C'MON!



THERE'S WOODS' JOCKEY/
WE'LL PUT THE PRESSURE ON
IM. HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR
A FEW GRAND!



WHATTA YA' SAY EDDIE? GO
A LITTLE PROPOSITION TO
MAKE WITH YA!



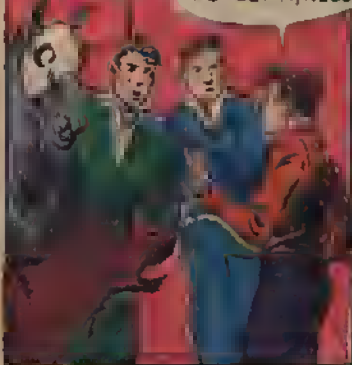
THERE'S A COUPLE A GRAND HERE
EDDIE! IT'S ENOUGH TO BUY YA
A NICE COFFIN... OR YA CAN USE
IT AND LIVE IF ROARAWAY DON'T
WIN TOMORROW! TAKE YOUR
CHOICE!



MEANWHILE....

RICHY, I'LL BE INDEBTED TO
YOU AND RANG FOR THE REST
OF MY LIFE. THAT WAS THE
MOST DARING PIECE OF WORK
I'VE EVER SEEN.

FORGET IT, RUSS!



WHERE TO NOW, YOU SMOKE
EATER?

THINK I'LL WANDER
OVER TO THE CLUB HOUSE
AND WASH UP A BIT, HY!
I SMELL LIKE A
SMOKED HERRING.



RUSS, I HAVE A HUNCH-ONLY A
HUNCH-THAT SOMEBODY SET
THAT FIRE DELIBERATELY. NOW IN
CASE THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT,
I WANT TO GIVE YOU A SIMPLE
CODE YOU CAN
USE TO GET IN A
TOUCH
WITH ME.



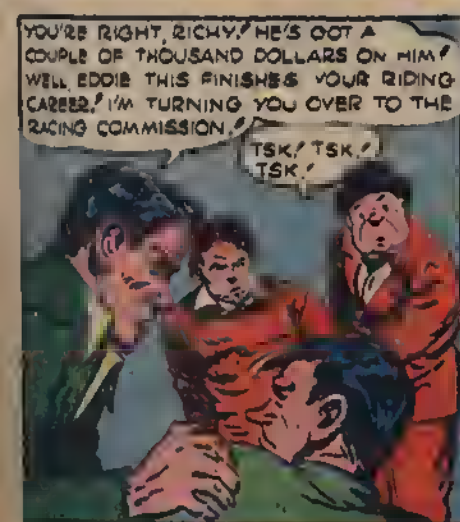
MEANTIME...
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? RUSS
JOCKEY. AND HE'S TAKING
MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF
TOUGH LOOKING BABIES.



BETTER STICK AROUND AND
SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

SO-LONG, KID! JUST
KEEP SMART AND YOU'LL
LIVE TO DIE A GREAT-
GRAND-PAPPY.





MORNING POST

COOPER'S JOCKEY BANNED!
RICHY WATERS TO RIDE
ROARAWAY IN HANDICAP.

BULLETIN



LATE YESTERDAY, JOCKEY
EDDIE WILSON WAS CAUGHT
WITH A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DOLLARS
ON HIM. HE WAS TURNED OVER TO THE
RACING COMMISSION. HIS RIDING
CAREER IS FINISHED.

IN THE OFFICE OF "SQUINT EYES"
BREZNEK, THE CITY'S BIGGEST BOOKIE

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU TOOK CARE
OF EVERYTHING, DID YOU, YOU NUMB-
SKULLS? WELL, DID YOU
SEE THE MORNING
PAPERS?

BUT IT AINT OUR
FAULT, WE
THOUGHT-



I COVERED SO MANY BETS
ON ARGA-RAMMY THAT I'LL
BE RUINED IF HE WINS, NOW
DO WHAT I TELL YOU: GET
RUSS COOPER AND TAKE
HIM OUT TO THE SHACK
IN MORGAN COUNTY. I
DON'T CARE HOW GENTLE
YOU ARE EITHER.



SEE THAT HE'S OUT COLD,
TIED UP, BLINDFOLDED AND
TAKEN TO THAT SHACK WITH-
OUT KNOWING WHERE HE'S
GOING.

WE GIT YA, BOSS.



LATER...AT THE RACE TRACK....

WELL, HY, WE'VE GOT A NEW
STABLE AND ROADWAY'S ALL SET
TO RUN, WITH YOU AND RANG
AND TRIG ON GUARD, I FEEL
SAFE. I'LL GO OVER AND SEE
HOW RICHY'S COMING WITH HIS
WEIGHING IN.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE HE GOES.

AND
HERE WE
GO.



THINK HE'S OUT COLD ENOUGH?

WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH
HIM, HE'LL THINK HE'S
BEEN IN A ICEBOX
FOR A WEEK.



GIT THAT HANDKERCHIEF OVER
HIS EYES, THE BOSS DON'T
WANT HIM TO KNOW WHERE
HE'S GOIN'.

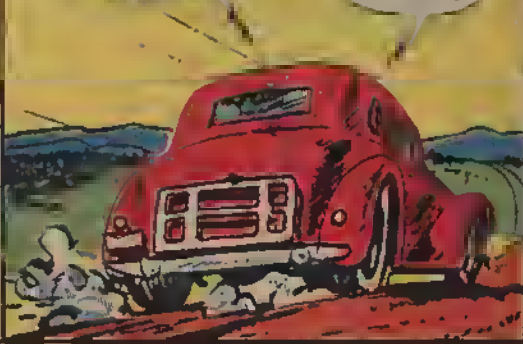
OR WHERE HE
IS WHEN HE
GITS DERE.



THE CAR SPEEDS OUT TOWARDS MORGAN
COUNTY WITH RUSS BOUND AND BLINDFOLDED
ON THE REAR SEAT...

TH' BOSS WON'T HAVE
NO KICKS COMIN' NOW,
BEETLE.

YOU SAID IT,
WE DONE
THIS JOB.
RIGHT.



AT THE SHACK IN MORGAN
COUNTY...

SAY-TRIG. I THOUGHT
RUSS SAID HE'D BE
OVER HERE.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT
HE SAID, TOO, HY. BUT
ME EARS AINT WHAT
THEY USED TO BE SINCE
I WAS A BOXER.

AT THE SHACK IN MORGAN
COUNTY...

GOOD. THEY'RE GIVING ME A CHANCE TO WRITE A NOTE. THAT CODE HY GAVE ME WILL COME IN HANDY. I'LL USE IT AND TIP HIM OFF WHERE I AM - AND TELL HIM TO RACE ROARAWAY NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.

OKAY. YOU'VE GOT ME.
I'LL WRITE IT.

HERE'S TH' PAPER AN' A PEN.
BUT DON'T TAKE HIS BLIND-
FOLD OFF TIL I GET OUT OF
HERE, THEN ONE OF YOU
GUYS GIMME THE NOTE OUT-
SIDE AN' I'LL SEE A MES-
SENGER DELIVERS IT TO
SPEED.

A SHORT WHILE LATER AT THE TRACK.

I'M ALL SET, HY, AS
SOON AS I HEAR
THE POST BUZZ I'LL
MESSAGE FOR
MR. SPEED.

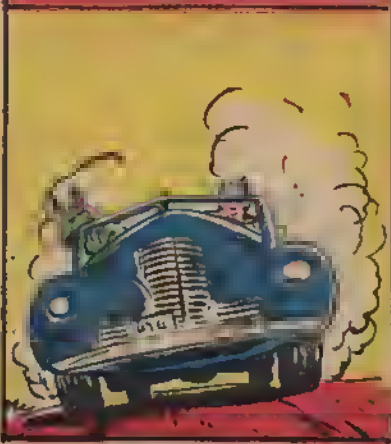
MY GRACIOUS,
A MESSAGE.

RIGHT HERE,
BOY!

GOOD LORD, RICHY,
LOOK AT THIS. RUSS HAS
BEEN KIDNAPPED AND
THREATENED WITH DEATH
IF YOU RIDE
AWAY
TODAY.

HE WAS SMART-HE USED A
CODE I SHOWED HIM. HE
DOESN'T KNOW EXACTLY
WHERE HE IS-BUT HE
COUNTED THE NUMBER OF
LEFT AND RIGHT TURNS-
AND BELIEVES HE'S ABOUT
TWENTY MILES OVER THE
COUNTY LINE-IN MORGAN
COUNTY-I'M GOING AFTER
HIM.

HY AND RANG START OFF TOWARDS
MORGAN COUNTY...



WHILE AT THE TRACK, THE
BUOLER SOUNDS THE CALL TO
POST...



WELL, TRIO, WE'RE ABOUT
READY TO START. WISH
ME LUCK.



RICHY, ON HORSEBACK, JOINS THE PARADE TO POST...



I'M GONNA MAKE A BET ON RICHY,
LET'S SEE NOW- HE'S NUMBER 2
IN THE SIXTH RACE.



TEN DOLLARS ON NUMBER 6 IN THE
SECOND RACE.

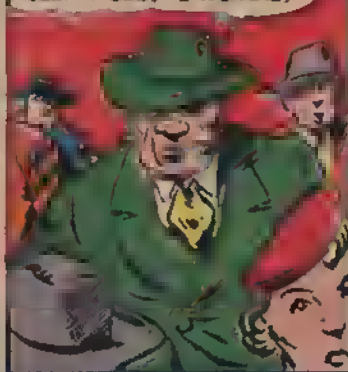
SORRY, BUDDY, THAT
RACE HAS ALREADY RUN.

IT WAS MY GRACIOUS, THEN GIVE
ME NUMBER 2 IN THE SIXTH RACE
MAYBE THAT'LL BE LUCKY.



BRESNECK, MEANTIME, ARRIVES
AT THE TRACK...

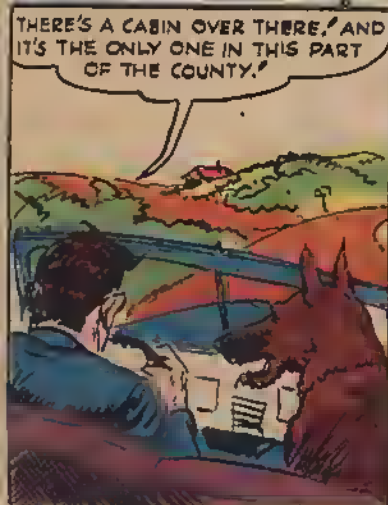
I'LL GET IN HERE NEAR THE
FINISH LINE WHERE I CAN WATCH
THAT RICHY KID AND IF HE
DOESN'T OBEY ORDERS...

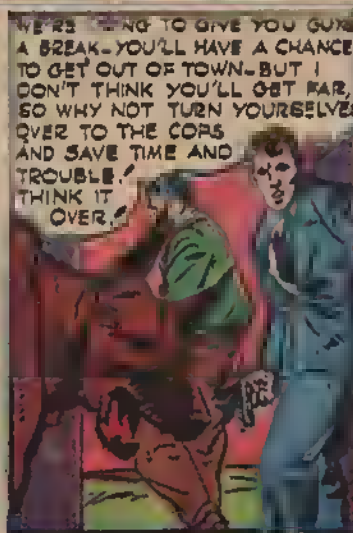


WHILE HY FOLLOWS COOPER'S
GENERAL DIRECTIONS INTO
MORGAN COUNTY...

WE SHOULD BE PRETTY
NEAR THE PLACE BY
NOW, RANG.







NOT LONG AFTERWARD, MY RUSS AND RANG ARRIVE AT THE TRACK. JUST AS THE HORSES ROUND THE FAR TURN, WITH RICHY IN SECOND PLACE....



GOSH, LOOK AT RICHY OOO! I WISH I'D BEEN ABLE TO PUT A BET ON HIM INSTEAD OF NUMBER 2. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT GUY AT THE WINDOW SAID THE RACE WAS OVER.



LET'S SPLIT UP, RUSS. BREZNEK WILL BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE FINISH LINE.

I'LL COVER THE GRANDSTAND, HY.



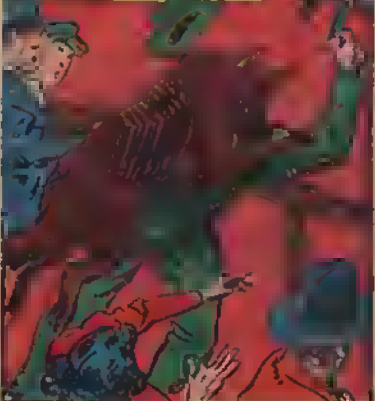
SO THE KID IS TRYIN' TO WIN, IS HE? OKAY- HERE'S MY ANSWER!



AS RANGAWAY FLASHES DOWN THE STRETCH, BREZNEK LEVELS HIS GUN...



AND THE WONDER DOG, HAVING PICKED UP HIS SCENT, MAKES A MAGNIFICENT LEAP ONTO THE BOOKIES' BACK!..



MY AND RUSS, HEARING THE SHOT, RUSHES UP TO MAKE BREZNEK'S CAPTURE SECURE!..

GOOD WORK, RANG!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

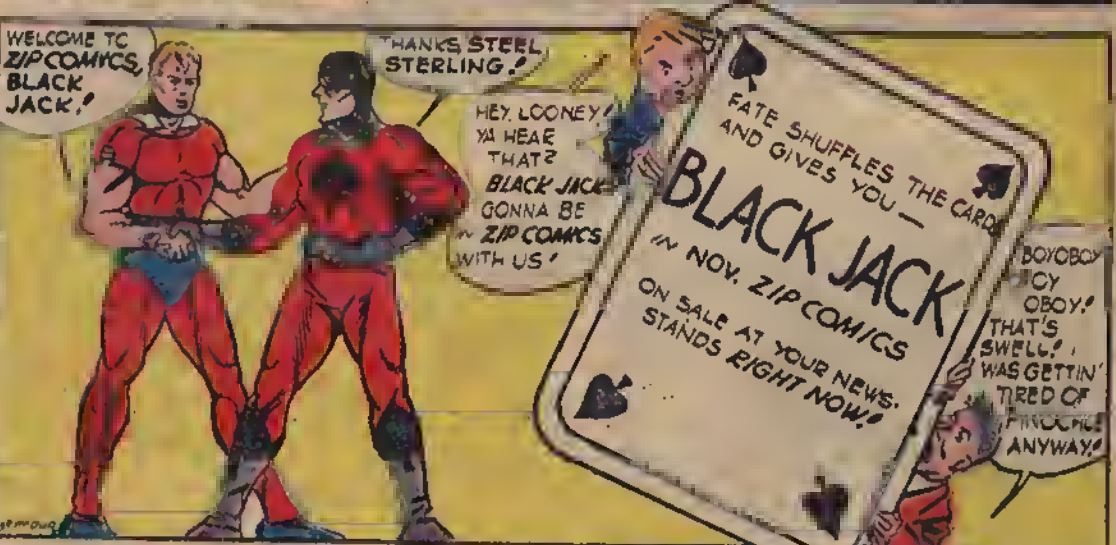
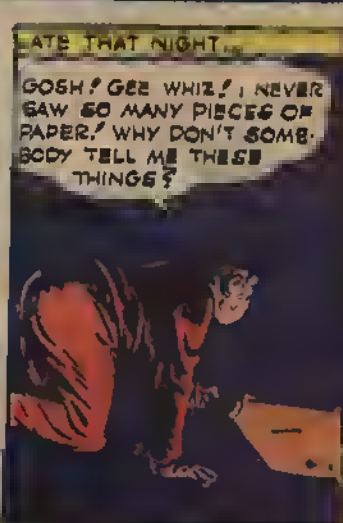
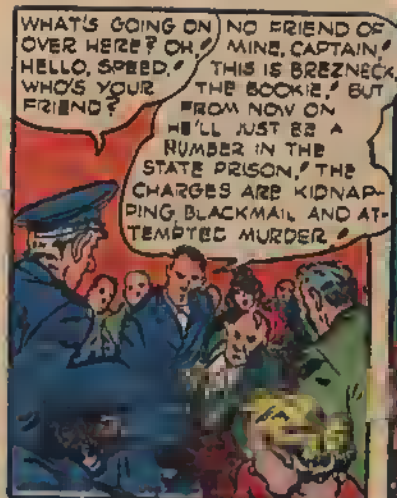
LOOK OUT!

THAT MAN HAS A GUN!



WHILE RANGAWAY WITH RICHY UP, GALLOPS ACROSS THE FINISH LINE - THE WINNER BY A LENGTH!





the RANG-A-TANG CLUB

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

MEMBERSHIP



Everyone loves a dog. That is because down deep inside everyone is kind and because everyone seeks companionship. The old adage "Man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the Rang-a-Tang Club and to become a prospect for charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

The purpose of the Rang-a-Tang Club is to have fellowship among doglovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The Rang-a-Tang Club's veterinarian, Dr. Alexander Slawson will furnish to members of the club absolutely free by mail only, information about the care and training of dogs.

HOW TO JOIN THE

RANG-A-TANG CLUB

Fill in the coupon which contains the Rang-a-Tang Oath and mail it to My Speed together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the Rang-a-Tang Club will receive an embossed membership card and a Rang-a-Tang button as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's booklet "Highlights on the Health of Your Dog and Cat" and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only the professional advice of Dr. Alexander Slawson, veterinarian, absolutely free.

the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the Honor Legion.

1st Way.—Is keeping with you a Rang-a-Tang Oath that membership, write me a letter stating an exceptional deed you performed in saving bloodless or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wild life, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

2nd Way.—Send two of your friends as members of the Rang-a-Tang Club. Here's how to do it:

A.—Write them an application for membership in the club in the same way as you did.

B.—The drop me a post card giving me their names and addresses.

C.—Write me and write your own name and address on this card so that we can make you a charter member of the Honor Legion.

Charter members of the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion will receive a beautifully engraved Honor Legion diploma, suitable for framing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine; the author, Joe Blair; the artist, Ed Smalley, Jr., and myself.

Join me now! It is only necessary to do one of the above two things to obtain charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Go to it!

My motto

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Geoffrey Blumfeld 42 W. 8th St. New York, N.Y.	Wm. E. Brown 6004 Hillford Terr. Phila., Pa.	Florine Farnham 4706 Page Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.
Carolyn Young 101 Lorne Lane Belmar, N.J.	Bessie Opdenoord 5th St. & Tucson Blvd. Tucson, Arizona	Edna Picchetti 492 Clark Ave. Haverhill, N.J.
John Burrows 25 Hampton Rd. Camden, N.J.	Samuel Krueger 514 N. Maryland Ave. Chicago, Ill.	Joan McFarland 47-5th Ave. Collegeville, Pa.

THIS MONTH'S HONOR LEGION LETTER

Paul W. Speed,

Not so long ago I saw a man snapping his dog. I called for him to stop, but he just yelled at me to go away or he'd hit me for a taste of the "big apple". The man had chained up the dog and the dog was bleeding, so I yelled till the man had gone in, then I climbed over the fence, got the dog loose, and took him home with me. My dog went to the dog owner and the owner said I could keep it, so I did. From now on we're pals!

Silly Willy
El Paso, Texas

QUESTIONNAIRE PRINT PLAINLY

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
BREED OF DOG..... SEX OF DOG.....
APPROXIMATE HEIGHT..... CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR).....
EYES..... NOSE..... BOWEL FUNCTIONS.....
OTHER REMARKS.....

MY SPEED
46 BLUE RIBBON COMICS
160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

DEAR MR. SPEED:

PLEASE ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I ENCLOSE 10¢ IN COIN TO COVER COST OF HANDLING. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I AM TO RECEIVE MY MEMBERSHIP CARD AND A RANG-A-TANG BUTTON.

NAME (PRINT CLEARLY)..... ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE..... AGE.....

OATH ON MY HONOR, I PLEDGE MYSELF TO DEAL KINDLY WITH ALL ANIMALS, BE THEY IN DISTRESS OR OTHERWISE, TO DO A GOOD DEED WHENEVER I CAN, IN ALL PLACES, AT ALL TIMES, I WILL KEEP THIS PLEDGE CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART AND IN MY MIND. I DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR—

SIGN NAME.....

The

Montana



PAUL PATTON, STAFF MEMBER OF THE DAILY GLOBE, INTERVIEWS THE CONDEMNED BARNEY JONES IN HIS DEATH CELL...

I KNOW-IT'S WHAT EVERY CONDEMNED MAN ALWAYS SAYS, BUT IT'S TRUE. I SWEAR IT!

I DIDN'T KILL THAT WATCHMAN AT THE BANK. "RED" BARKER AND HIS GANG FRAMED ME! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK MY PAL, BILL BRONSON. HE KNOWS THE WHOLE STORY, BUT WHEN THE COPS GRABBED ME, HE GOT SCARED AN' RAN! I KNOW HE'LL TELL THE TRUTH IF YOU TALK TO HIM, TELL HIM MY LIFE DEPENDS ON HIS STORY!

GOT A STORY, PATTON?

YEAH, SOME STORY, ALL KILLERS ARE THE SAME. THEY ALWAYS TRY TO ALIBI THEIR WAY OUT!

BUT THAT NIGHT, PAUL PATTON BECOMES THE FOX... AND SWINGS UP THE FIRE ESCAPE INTO BILL BRONSON'S HOME...



BARNEY JONES MIGHT HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THE TRUTH, I'LL SEE WHAT HIS PAL BRONSON HAS TO SAY!



KIND OF DARK IN HERE, GUESS I'LL MAKE MYSELF AT HOME AND WAIT FOR BRONSON.

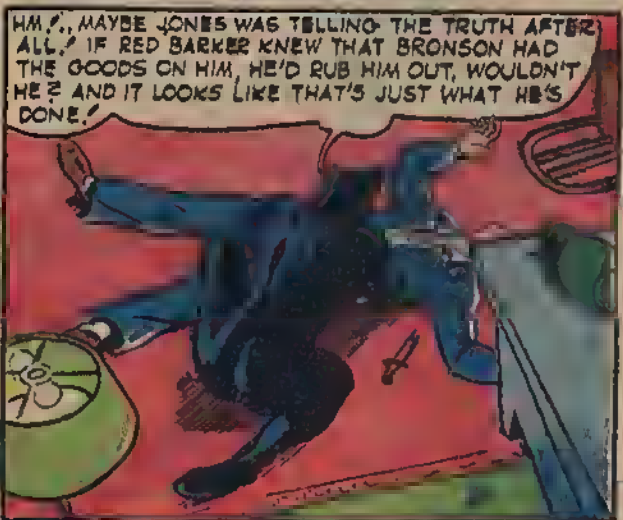


THE FOX SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT...

SUFFERIN' SUN-FISH, LOOKS LIKE I HAVE COMPANY!

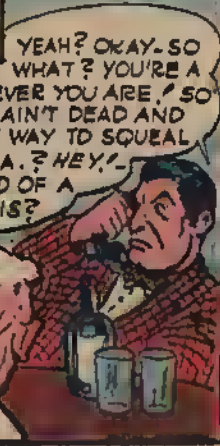


BRONSON, KNIFED, AND JONES SAID HE WAS THE ONLY GUY WHO COULD CLEAR HIM!



HM, MAYBE JONES WAS TELLING THE TRUTH AFTER ALL, IF RED BARKER KNEW THAT BRONSON HAD THE GOODS ON HIM, HE'D RUB HIM OUT, WOULDN'T HE? AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S JUST WHAT HE'S DONE!

..AND CALLS RED BARKER,



YEAH? OKAY. SO WHAT? YOU'RE A COP-HATER, WHDEVER YOU ARE, SO BILL BRONSON AIN'T DEAD AND HE'S ON TH' WAY TO SQUEAL TO TH' D.A. HEY, WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?



ARE YOU SOME GUY THAT'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME FOR SOMETHIN'?

YOU'LL FRAME YOURSELF, BARKER, IF BILL BRONSON YAPS TO THE D.A. THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY. SO LONG!



THE FOX PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE...

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE
OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY....

WHAT? A GUY BY THE
NAME OF BRONSON
IS GOING TO DO
WHAT?

I SAID HE'S ON HIS
WAY TO YOUR OFFICE RIGHT
NOW TO CLEAR BARNEY JONES OF
THAT MURDER RAP. STICK AROUND,
D.A. I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL
LEARN SOMETHING.

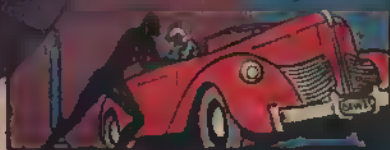
I MAY BE BARKING UP THE
WRONG TREE, BUT I'VE STARTED
THIS THING AND I'M GOING
TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.



AND HOPE
NOBODY SEES ME,
ESPECIALLY BARKER
AND HIS MOB.

ALL I
HAVE TO DO IS
GET THIS FELLOW
OUT HERE.

NOW, THEN, WE
JUST PUT BRONSON
IN THIS CAR BE-
HIND THE WHEEL
AND I DRIVE FROM
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE
CAR.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, RED BARKER AND HIS
MOBSTERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE
DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE....

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, YOU
MUGS. TH' MINUTE YOU SPOT
BRONSON, LET 'IM HAVE IT. WE
GOTTA BE SURE WE FINISH HIM
THIS TIME.



THERE HE
COMES NOW!

GOOD! START UP TH' CAR
AND WE'LL DRIVE UP BESIDE
HIM AN' BLOW HIS HEAD
OFF!

THE FOX DUCKS LOW IN THE SEAT AS HE STEERS THE CAR TO THE CURB AND TURNS OFF THE IGNITION...

HM? I THINK MY GANG-STER FRIENDS ARE ALREADY WAIT-ING. HOPE HAVENT KEPT THEM TOO LONG!



BARKER'S CAR STARTS UP AND BEGINS TO SWING AROUND IN A U-TURN...

SHOULD WE PLUG HIM NOW, BOSS? NO, WAIT! WE GET RIGHT UP BESIDE HIM LIKE SAID!



AS THE MOBSTERS APPROACH THE FOX SLIPS OUT OF THE CAR...

GET READY! HERE WE GO!



OKAY! NOW! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS!

THE MOBSTERS OPEN FIRE ON BRONSON'S DEAD BODY...



AND THE FOX SNAPS PICTURE AFTER PICTURE...



WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTIN' GOIN' ON OUT HERE?

THE FROM A CAR... BUT IT'S GONE NOW!

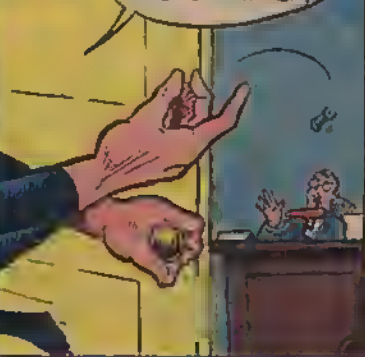


AS THE POLICE CHARGE ACROSS THE STREET TO EXAMINE BRONSON'S BODY, THE FOX SLIPS AROUND BEHIND THEM AND ENTERS THE BUILDING...

IT'S THE GUY IN THAT CAR OVER THERE WHO GOT THE LEAD SHOWER!



HERE YOU ARE, MR. D.A., DEVELOP THAT ROLL OF FILM AND YOU'LL KNOW WHO JUST RIDDED BILL BRONSON'S BODY TO SHUT HIM UP!



LATER, IN THE POLICE DEVELOPING ROOM...

HERE'S THE PRINTS OF THAT FILM THE FOX GAVE YOU, THEY'RE DYNAMITE.

HOLY SMOKE, RED BARKER. AS CLEAR AS DAY.

JEKY, MEN, THAT'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE FOR ME. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? GO OUT AND GET BARKER AND HIS MOB.

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE POLICE SQUAD CARS ROAR THROUGH THE CITY ON THEIR WAY TO BARKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. IF ONE OF THEM MAKES A MOVE FOR HIS GUN— SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER.

GOOD, THERE GO THE POLICE. NOW I'LL MOSEY AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE AND KEEP WATCH THERE.

THE FIGHTING D.A. LEADS HIS MEN INTO THE HOUSE, TAKING BARKER'S MEN BY SURPRISE.

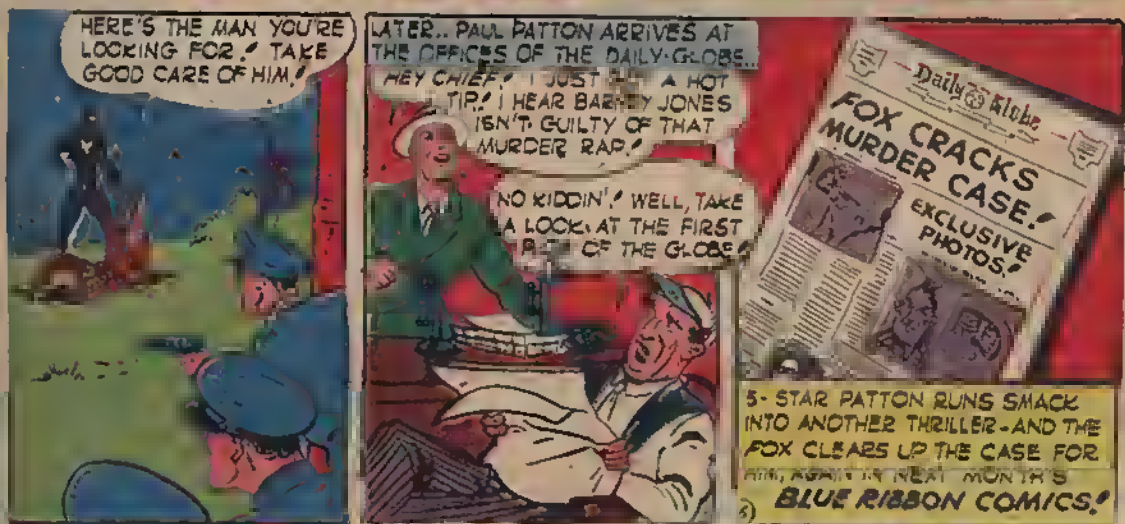
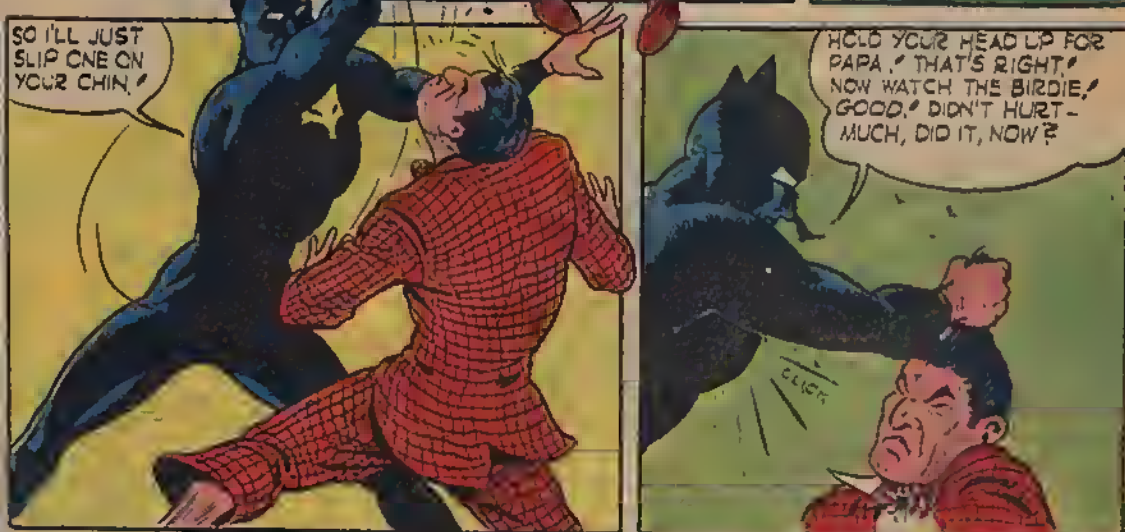
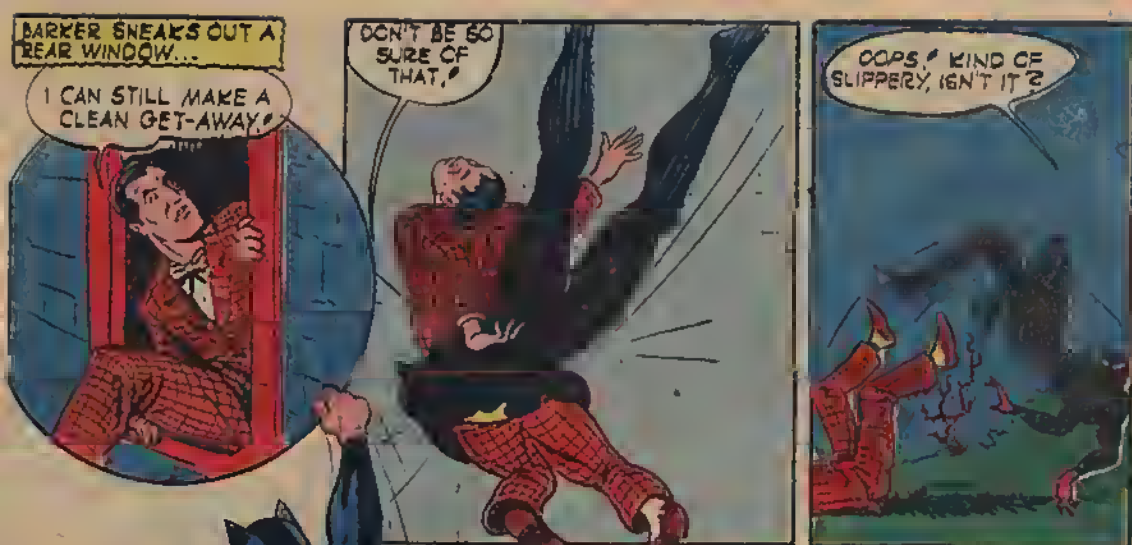
IN THE BACK ROOM...

GAME'S UP, BOYS. DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS.

WHATTA THEY GOT ON US?

JEEPERS, THE COPS.

TH' D.A. AN HIS MEN, THAT MEANS THEY GOT SOMETHIN' ON ME OR THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE.



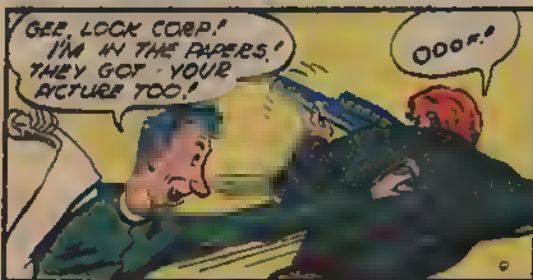
BLACK JACK

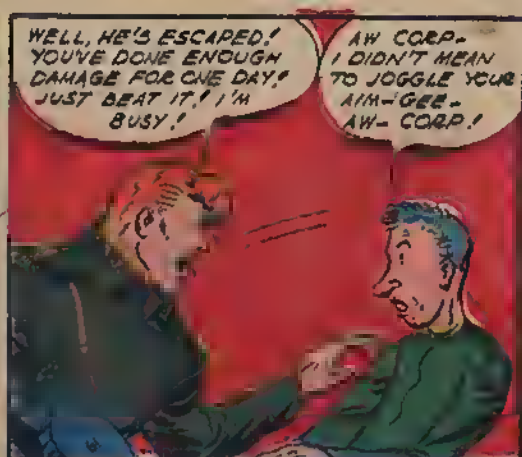
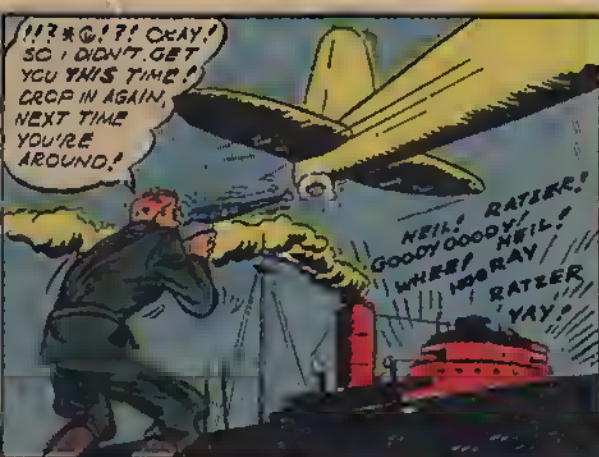
APPEARS IN THE NOV. ZIP COMICS

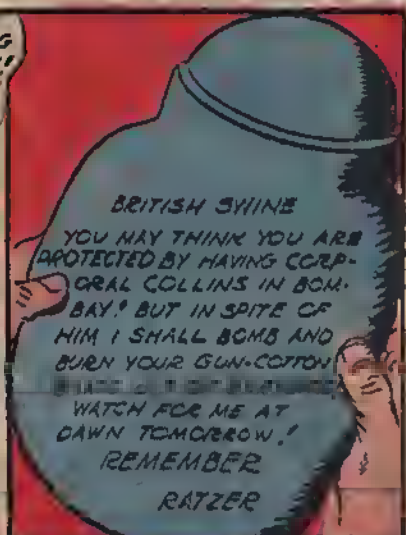
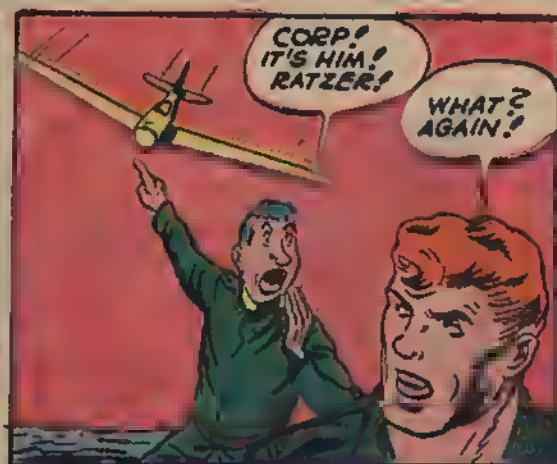
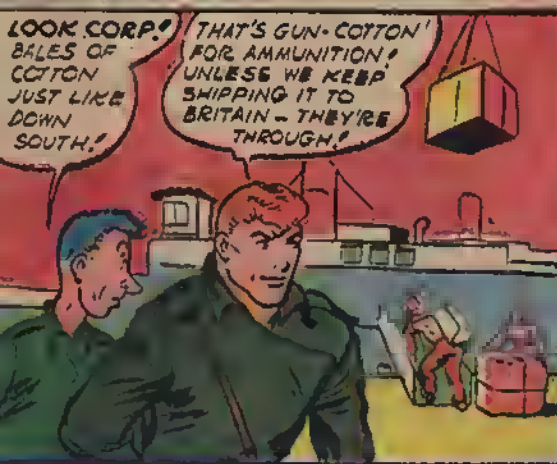


STEEL STERLING AND BLACK JACK... A COMBINATION THAT MAKES ZIP COMICS THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD... ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!!

CORPORAL COLLINS INFANTRYMAN







AND HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE
WE'LL GUARD THEM WITH
ONLY 50 MEN? MAYBE
YOU HAVE AN IDEA!

WHAT?

WHERE ARE YOU
OFF TO?
COLLINS

RATZER'S TOO CLEVER TO
WARN US WHAT HE'S UP TO!
I BET HE'S AFTER THOSE
PRISONERS!

WITH EVERYONE FIGHTING FIRES AT
THE DOCK, HE'D BE IN A PERFECT
SPOT TO FREE THE PRISONERS AND
TAKE OVER THE TOWN.

WHILE COLLINS
SPEEDS TO THE
CAMP TO WARN THE
GUARDS—MILES
AWAY IN A DIMLY-
LIT NAZI H-
KNOW ONLY TO
GESTAPO. STAY
RATZER, RATZER,
THE RUTHLESS
MENACE WHOSE
CUNNING AND
SAVAGE DEVILTRY
MAKE HIM
FEARED FROM
BOMBAY TO
BRISTOL!

AT LAST I'VE MET
A MATCH FOR MY
WITS. 'CORPORAL
COLLINS IS IN BOM-
BAY!

THAT'S WHERE
10,000 OF OUR
MEN ARE BEING
HELD PRISONERS!

WE MUST
RESCUE
THEM!

YOU ARE
RIGHT. WE
MUST AND
WE WILL!

WHAT I HAVE PLANNED
CANNOT FAIL!
YOU SHALL SEE!

ANXIOUS HOURS OVER BOMBAY
END AS DAWN PROCLAIMS A NEW
AND TERRIBLE DAY!

SLAPSIE, I WANT YOU TO GET BACK TO THE
DOCK AND KEEP THE NATIVES LOADING THE
BOAT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, GET IT? NO
MATTER WHAT HAPPENS. WE DON'T WANT RATZER
GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

YOU CAN
COUNT
ON ME,
CORP!

THE BLACK SHADOW OF DEATH LOOMS
OVER THE HORIZON—THE DREADED
GERMAN ACE, RATZER!



WIFE THAT SCARED LOOK
OFF YOUR FACES! WHEN
I SAY "FIRE" DISCHARGE
EVERY GUN ON THE DECK!
HERE HE COMES! READY?
FIRE!

NOW I HAVE THEM!
THOUSAND YARDS MORE
AND I RELEASE MY
BOMBS! HA, HA, HA!

THE WARSHIP FIRES ITS
LETHAL SHELLS SKYWARD!

BOOM

YAY! WE GOT
HIM! A BEAUTI-
FUL HIT!

CRASH

EAGERLY AWAITING
THEIR RESCUE THE
PRISONERS LEAP
AGAINST THE
BARBED WIRE!

YOT ISS? WHY
DO NOT DE GUARDS
LEAF?

SHUT UP THAT DIN, YOU
BLINNING RATS! WE'RE
NOT BEATING IT IF THE
WHOLE TOWN
BURNS
DOWN!

GET IN THERE, YOU
SCUM! AND SHUT
UP!

LOOK! DE
FIRE!

BUT WHERE
ISS RATZER

RATZER RATZER RATZER

MEANWHILE...

RATZER'S HIT ONE OF
THE BOATS! WIG-WAG A
SIGNAL TO ONE OF THE
PADDLE-WHEELERS TO
GO TOWARDS
IT IN
REVERSE!

GET YA
CORP! AN
IT'S A
WELL
IDEA!

WIG-WAG SIGNALS!
FULL STEAM, ASTERN!
MAKE FOR
BURNING
SHIP!

SENDING UP A HEAVY STREAM OF
WATER, THE PADDLE-WHEELER
DOUSES THE DANGEROUS FIRE!



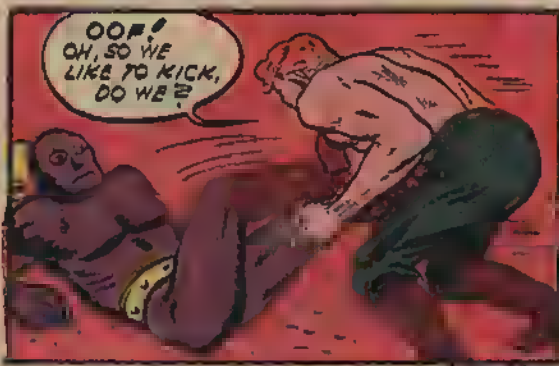
I'LL GET RATZER DEAD OR ALIVE!...BUT AFTER THAT CRASH, THE FIRST IS MORE LIKELY!



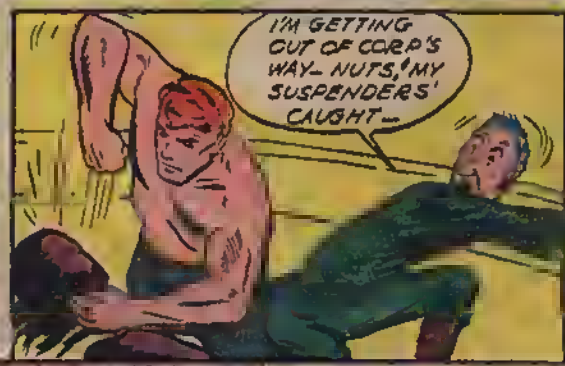
I'LL BE! HE GOT OUT UN-SCATHED AFTER ALL?... THAT GUY'S GOT MORE LUCK THAN LOADED DICE!



WHAT'S THE HURRY?



OOO! OH, SO WE LIKE TO KICK, DO WE?



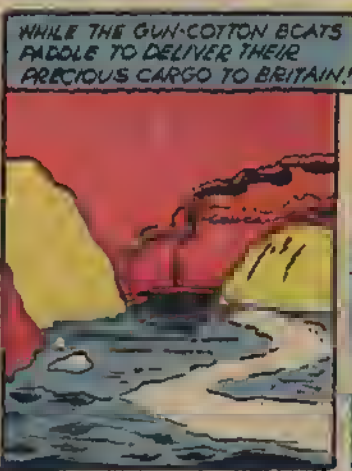
I'M GETTING OUT OF CORP'S WAY- NUTS, MY SUSPENDERS' CAUGHT--



TEMPORARILY STUNNED, COLLINS LETS GO OF RATZER



WHERE DID HE GO?

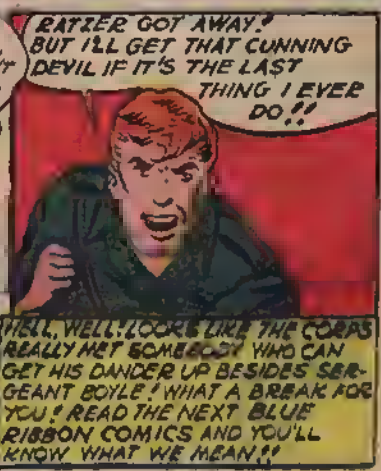


WHILE THE GUN-COTTON BEATS PADDLE TO DELIVER THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO TO BRITAIN!



CONGRATULATIONS COLLINS! THAT'S THE CLEANEST DEFENSE WORK I'VE EVER SEEN!

THANKS GENERAL, BUT I DON'T THINK OUR WORK'S OVER YET!



RATZER GOT AWAY? BUT I'LL GET THAT CUNNING DEVIL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!!

WELL, WELL! LOOK LIKE THE CORPS REALLY MET SOMEBODY WHO CAN GET HIS DANDER UP BESIDES SER-GEANT BOYLE! WHAT A BREAK FOR YOU! READ THE NEXT BLUE RIBBON COMICS AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!!

SON OF THE
TIGER

by JOE BLAIR

TY-GOR



GO ON, YOU
BIO LUG!

TY-GOR, TY-GOR
RAH, RAH, RAH!

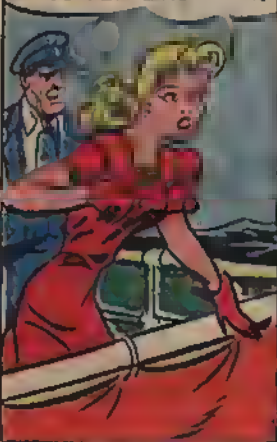
TY-GOR AND MALMA ARE BOUND FOR MALAY, WITH TY'S GUARDIANS-EXPLORER DAVIS AND JOAN. BUT TWO DAYS OUT AT SEA, THEY DISCOVER A STOWAWAY. JUNIOR DE SNOOK, SON OF THE WEALTHY MAN WHO IS PAYING FOR THE EXPEDITION...

YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART
ROMPIN' ALL OVER THE
PLACE WITH THAT
OVER-GROWN CAT!
PHOOBY!

TY-GOR, TAKE MAL-
MA AWAY AT ONCE!
YOU MUSTN'T FRIGHT-
EN JUNIOR LIKE THAT!

THE JUNGLE BOY LEADS HIS BELOVED
TIGRESS SLOWLY TOWARDS HER
CAGE...

I'LL SHOW THAT SIS-
SY HE AINT SO TOUGH!



TY-GOR BENDS DOWN
AND WHISPERS IN THE
GREAT CAT'S EAR..



YEOW!



HA HA HA HA!



THE NEXT MOMENT....
HEY! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
I DIDN'T DO NOTHING! LEM-
ME ALONE!



MALMA LUNGES AT
THE BOY....

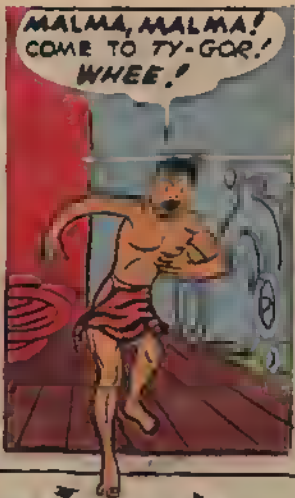
HELP!



GOOD
HEAVENS!
MALMA WILL
MAUL HIM
TO DEATH!



DAD. DO DO WHAT MALMA
SOME- ISN'T HURTING HIM!
THING. HE DESERVES WHAT
I THINK HE'S GOING
TO GET!

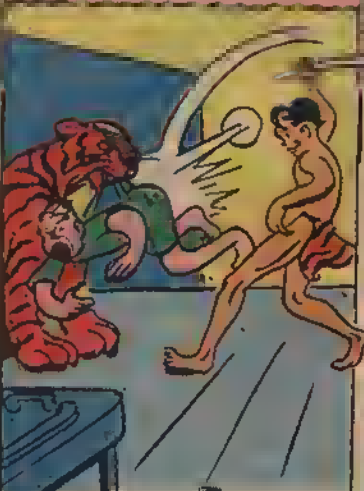


MALMA, MALMA!
COME TO TY-GOR!
WHEE!



THE TIGRESS LOPEs BACK TO
TY-GOR WITH JUNIOR DE SNOOK
IN HER GRASP....

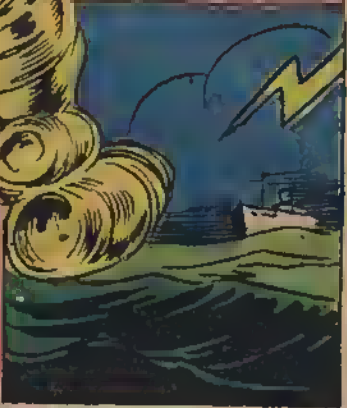
WHILE MALMA HOLDS DE
SNOOK, TY-GOR GIVES HIM
A SPANKING...



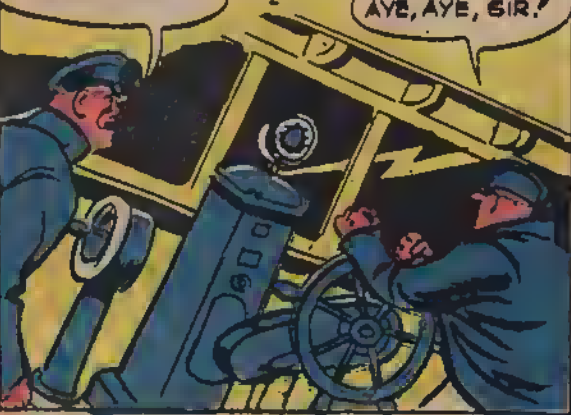
IF DE SNOOK DOESN'T LEARN
TO BE A GENTLEMAN ON
THIS TRIP, IT WON'T BE
TY-GOR'S FAULT!



BUT WHAT'S THIS?... A
MASS OF DARK CLOUDS
FORM IN THE SKIES AND
THE LIGHTNING BEGINS
TO LASH OUT AT THE
SHIP!....



DIRTY WEATHER AHEAD,
MISTER. HEAD HER SOU'
BY SOU' EAST!



AYE, AYE, SIR!



MAKE FAST THE LIFE LINES, THIS STORM IS PRETTY BAD.

AYE, AYE SIR.

JOAN STARTS IN SEARCH FOR TY-GO.

OH, WHERE IS HE? HE'LL BE WASHED OVERBOARD.

AS THE STORM APPROACHES CLOSER AND CLOSER, THE CAPTAIN REALIZES ITS TYPE—A TYPHOON.

IT'S A TWISTER FOLKS! PRETTY TICKLISH SITUATION WERE IN, BETTER GET BELOW DECK!

JUNIOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? GET INSIDE...AND WHERE IS TY-GO?

I SAW HIM GOING ALONG THE DECK A MINUTE AGO.

THE TYPHOON IS GOING TO HIT US, MISTER! WE CAN'T ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF THE STORM! GET EVERYONE INSIDE!

NUTS! I AINT NO SLEAZY! I'M GONNA STAY OUT HERE AND SEE WHAT A REAL STORM AT SEA IS LIKE.

INSIDE—YOU TWO? CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!

PHOOEY! WE'RE COMING.

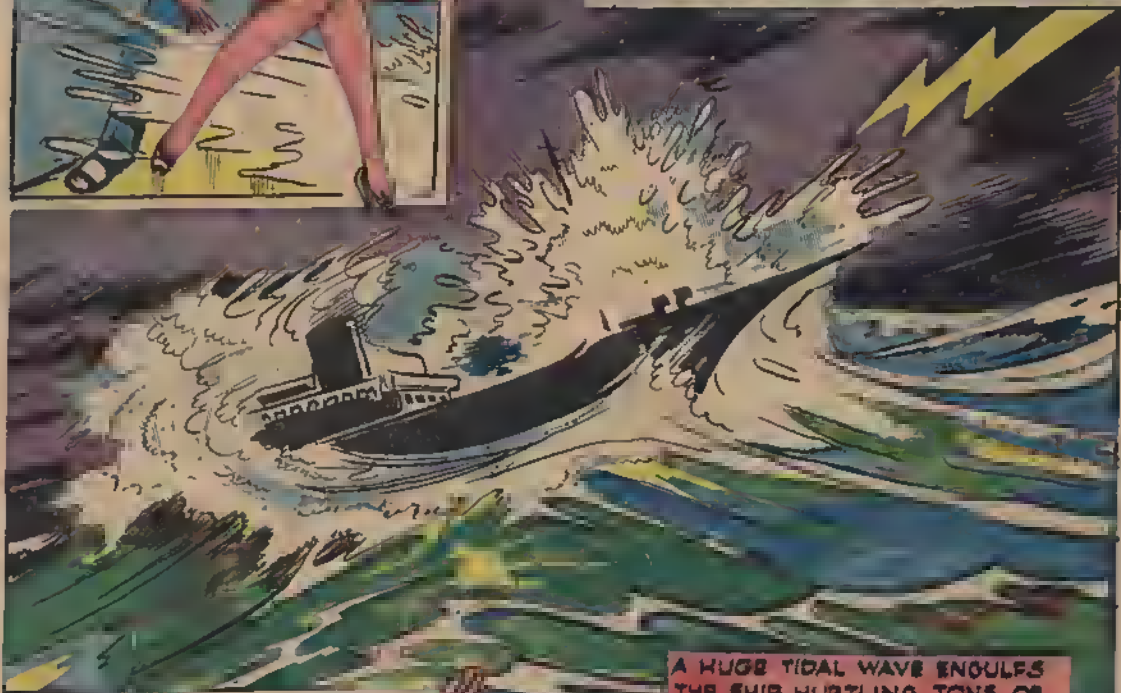
IN THE DAVIS' CABIN....

GOOD LORD, IF IT'S AS BAD AS THIS IN HERE - WHAT MUST IT BE LIKE OUTSIDE?



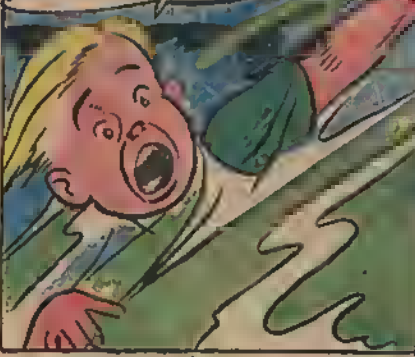
WHILE ON THE DECK, JUNIOR IS CLINGING TO THE LIFE-LINE DESPERATELY TRYING TO KEEP FROM BEING SWEEPED OVERBOARD!

HELP! HELP!



JUNIOR IS FLUNG INTO THE SEA.

HELP! HELP!



A HUGE TIDAL WAVE ENGULFS THE SHIP, HURLING TONS OF WATER CRASHING ON THE DECK... AND THE SHIP STARTS TO SINK!!

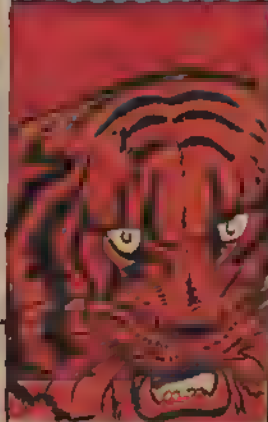
IT'S JUNIOR, COME ON, MALMA!



ATOP SOME OF THE SHIP'S
WRECKAGE....



MALMA SUDDENLY
LOWERS HER HEAD
AND ROARS!



A TROPIC ISLAND!



OOH! ISLAND!
RAH! RAH! RAH!



THE JUNGLE YOUTH
DIVES INTO THE
SEA...



AND THEN, PLACES JUNIOR
ON MALMA'S BACK, AND
THEY STRIKE OUT FOR
SHORE....



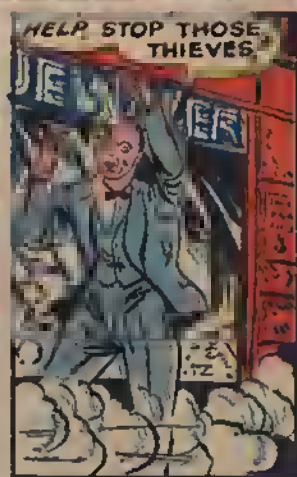
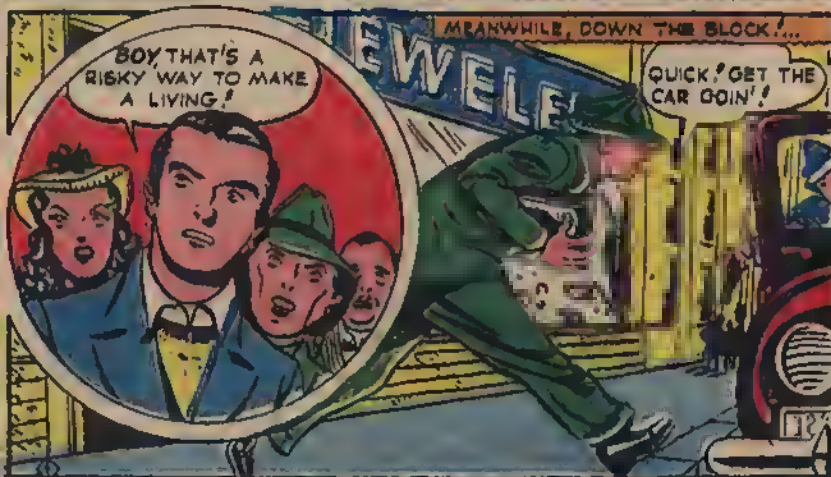
SAFE ON LAND ONCE MORE,
TY-GOE'S FIRST CONCERN
IS FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS
BOY...



ALL DAY LONG,
TY-GOE WORKS
OVER HIM- AND AS
NIGHT FALLS...



THE THREE COMPANIONS FIND THEM-
SELVES ALONE ON A STRANGE IS-
LAND IN THE SOUTH SEAS! DON'T
MISS THEIR FIRST EXCITING AD-
VENTURE IN THIS STRANGE LAND-
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BLUE HORIZON COMICS!!



INFERNO WALKING AWAY FROM THE HUMAN FLYS EXHIBITION COMES TO THE ROBBERY.

AND ITS CAR PASSES BY FULL TILT AND....

I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

HELP!
THIEVES ROBBER!

YOU GOT COMPANY MISTER!

THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL AND THE CAR CRASHES INTO A HYDRANT...

AS ONE OF THE THUGS LASHES OUT TO SHAKE HIS PURSUER OFF THE RUNNING-BOARD, INFERNO LETS LOOSE BLAST OF SEARING FLAME!

ONE OF THE CROOKS IS KILLED. THE OTHERS LOSE.

I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! THE COPS'LL THINK I WAS ON THIS JOB!

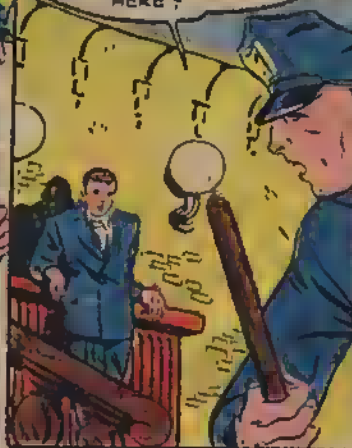
I KNEW IT! THEY LET THE CROOKS GET AWAY AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!

I'LL DUCK INTO THIS BUILDING AND CHANGE BACK TO STREET CLOTHES! I'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THOSE COPS WITH THIS UNIFORM ON!

THE POLICE CHASE INTO THE BUILDING...



HEY, YOU, DID YOU SEE A GUY IN UNIFORM RUN IN HERE?



YEAH, WE RAN UP THOSE STAIRS.

THANKS.



WHEW, THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE.



I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING HIM? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO.



MY WATCH MUST BE BROKEN. I MUST HAVE IT FIXED.



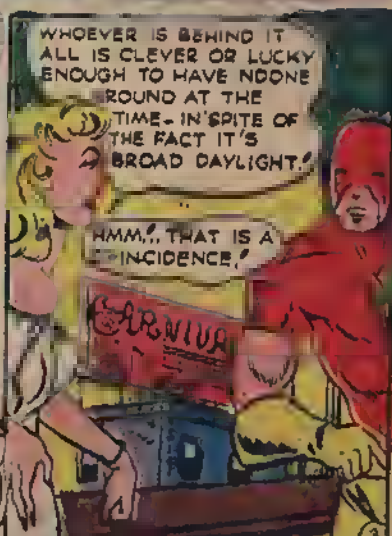
WHY VIRGINIA, WHAT ARE YOU GOING HERE?



THERE IS A GANG PULLING DAYLIGHT ROBBERIES. THE F.B.I. WANTS ME TO TRACK THEM DOWN. I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP.



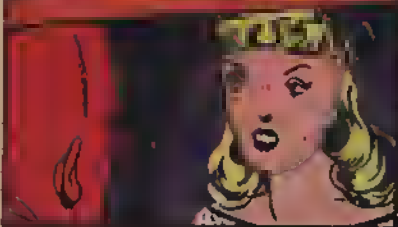
WHOEVER IS BEHIND IT ALL IS CLEVER OR LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE NOONE ROUND AT THE TIME - IN SPITE OF THE FACT IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT.



HMM, THAT IS A COINCIDENCE.

LUST THEN, VIRGINIA IS AT-
TRACTED BY A STARTLING
SCENE IN THE STREET....

INFERNO! LOOK OUT
THE WINDOW!



WELL!...WHAT WON'T THEY THINK
OF NEXT? A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR
THE CARNIVAL IN TOWN, NO DOUBT!



WELL, I'LL RUN ALONG! I'D LIKE TO
GET THIS WATCH FIXED AT
THE JEWELERS DOWN THE
BLOCK!

OKAY! I'LL
SEE WHAT
I CAN DO
FOR YOU!



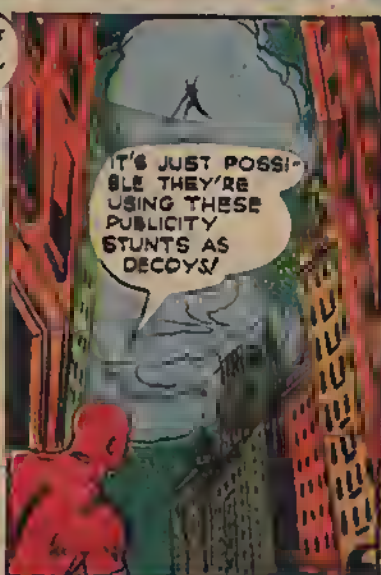
WATCH? A JEWELER AROUND
THE CORNER FROM THE CROWD?
THE FIRST ROBBERY WAS PUL-
LED RIGHT NEAR THE HU-
MAN FLY ACT!...MMM...IT'S
A WILD HUNCH BUT IT'S
WORTH LOOKING INTO!



HEY, I THOUGHT I
WAS GOING WITH
YOU!



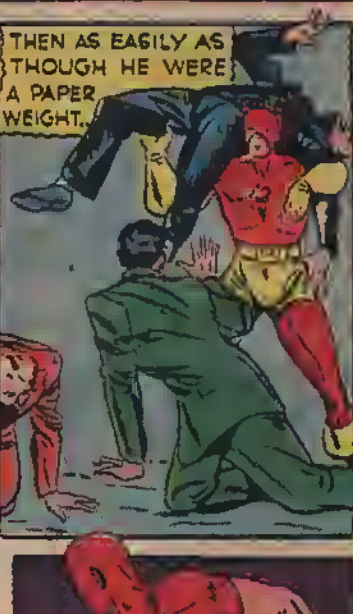
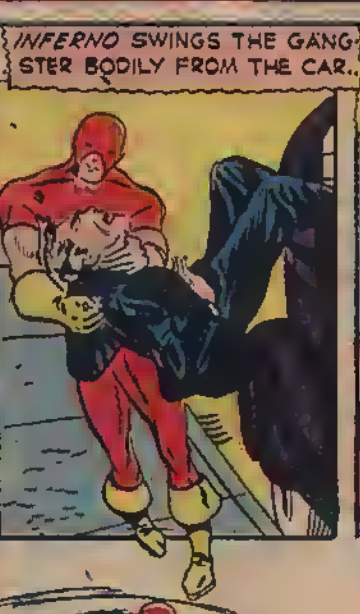
WELL, IF YOU WANT
TO COME ALONG,
YOU'LL HAVE
TO DO SOME
FAST RUN-
NING!



IT'S JUST POSSI-
BLE THEY'RE
USING THESE
PUBLICITY
STUNTS AS
DECOYS!



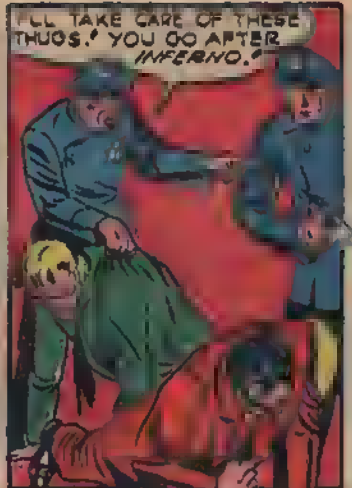
IN-
FERNO'S
HUNCH IS RIGHT!
DOWN THE
STREET, BANDITS
EMERGE FROM
A JEWELRY
STORE!





IT'S INFERNO! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE THUGS! YOU GO AFTER INFERNO!



WE'LL HAVE TO USE OUR CAR MISS AMES.



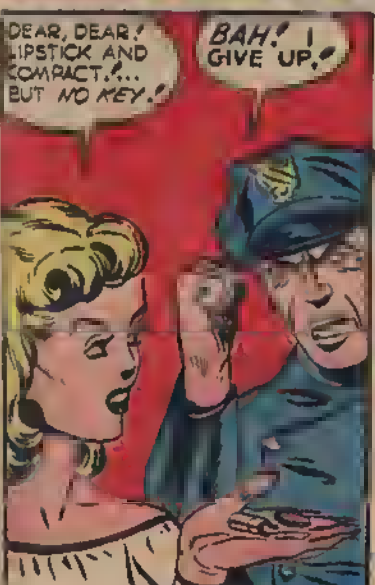
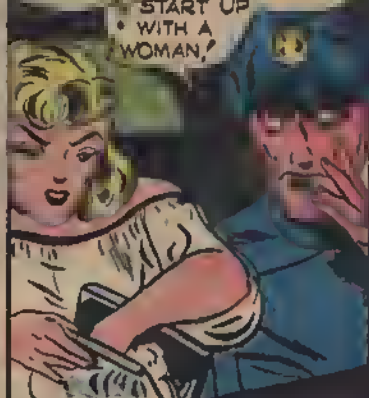
WE'LL COME ON! GET I'M TRYING THIS THING MOVING! TO FIND MY IGNITION KEY.



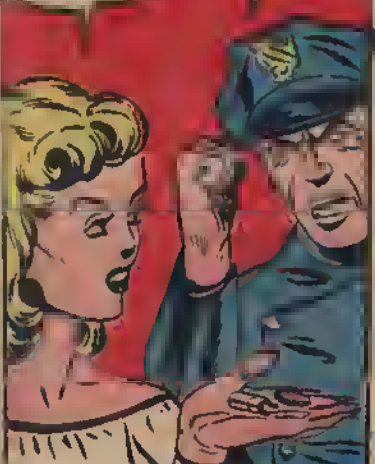
GRACIOUS ME! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN MY PURSE!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M HOPING.



DEAR, DEAR! LIPSTICK AND COMPACT... BUT NO KEY!



LOOK, HERE'S MY KEY! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF MY BAG.



POOR INFERNO! ANOTHER GOOD PIECE OF WORK TO YOUR CREDIT AND ALL YOU GET IS BLAME.

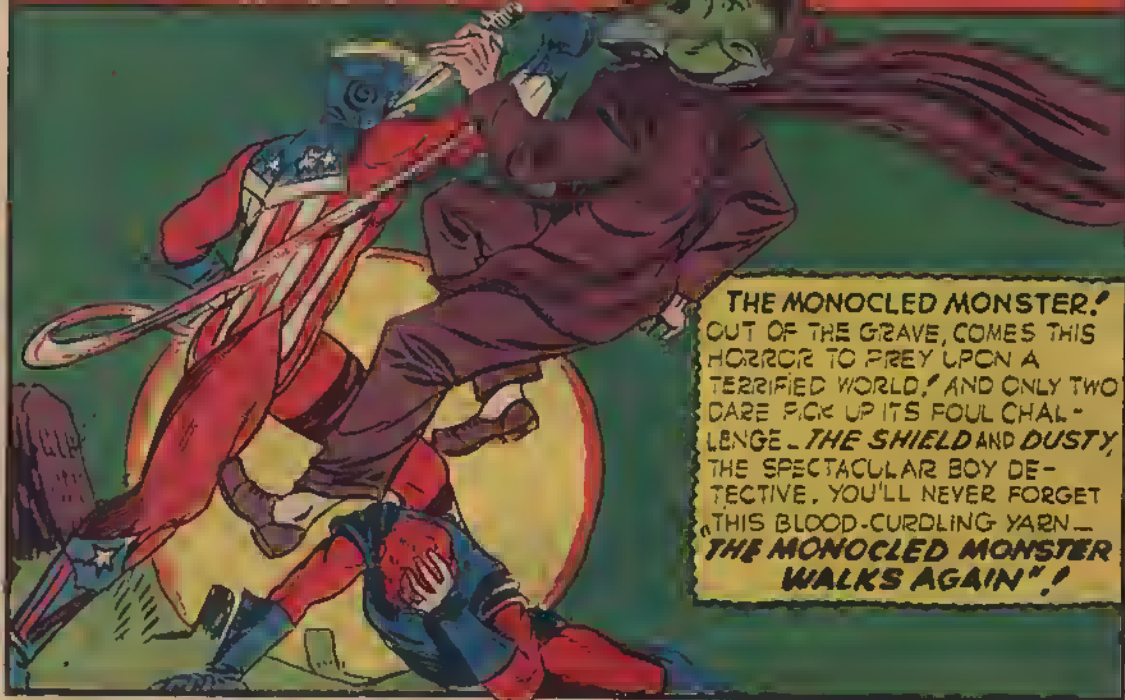


FOLLOW THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF INFERNO IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF BLUE RIBBON!

SHIELD-WIZARD NO. 5

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS SOON!

LOOK FOR IT!



THE MONOCLED MONSTER!
OUT OF THE GRAVE, COMES THIS
HORROR TO PREY UPON A
TERRIFIED WORLD, AND ONLY TWO
DARE PICK UP ITS FOUL CHAL-
LENGE... **THE SHIELD** AND **DUSTY**,
THE SPECTACULAR BOY DE-
TECTIVE. YOU'LL NEVER FORGET
THIS BLOOD-CURDLING YARN...
**THE MONOCLED MONSTER
WALKS AGAIN!**

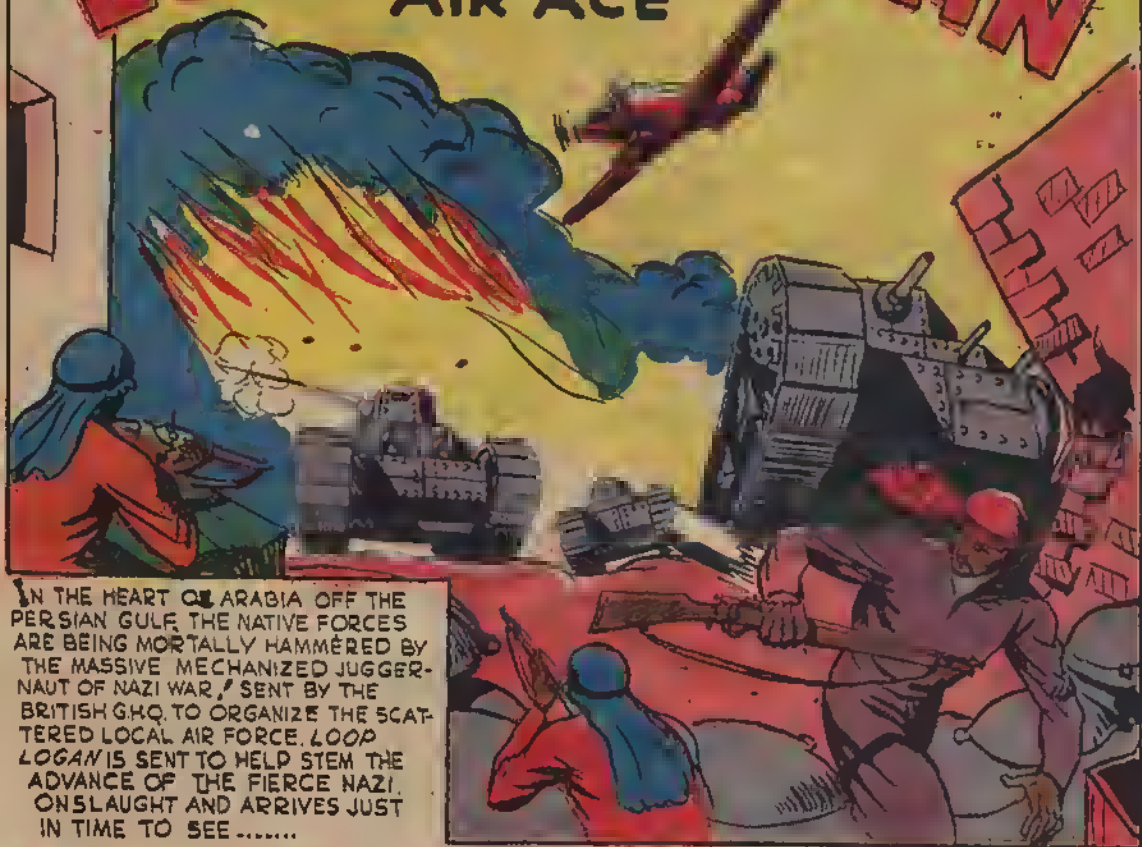


"THE CASE OF THE RACE TRACK MURDERS"

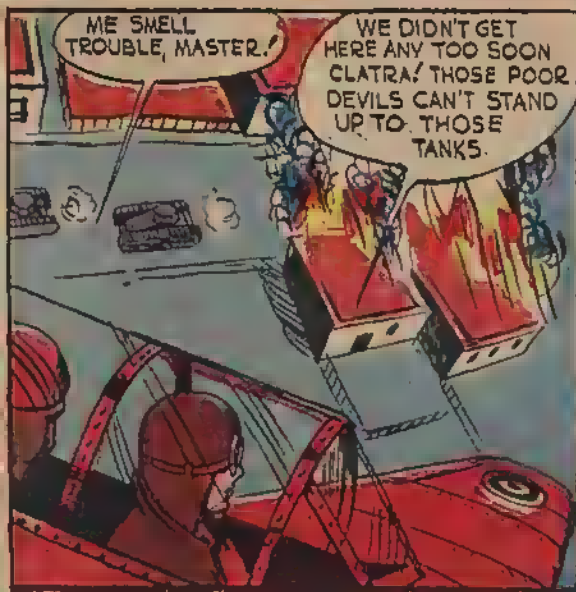
THIS IS THE UNIQUE, ACTION-
PACKED ADVENTURE **THE
WIZARD** AND **ROY, THE SUPER-
BOY** HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU
IN **SHIELD-WIZARD
NO. 5** THRILL WITH THIS
SUPERB DUO!.. LAUGH
WITH THE ANTICS OF
OSCAR, THE OSTRICH!

LOOP LOGAN

AIR ACE



IN THE HEART OF ARABIA OFF THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NATIVE FORCES ARE BEING MORTALLY HAMMERED BY THE MASSIVE MECHANIZED JUGGERNAUT OF NAZI WAR, SENT BY THE BRITISH GHQ. TO ORGANIZE THE SCATTERED LOCAL AIR FORCE. LOOP LOGAN IS SENT TO HELP STEM THE ADVANCE OF THE FIERCE NAZI ONSLAUGHT AND ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE



WE SMELL TROUBLE, MASTER!

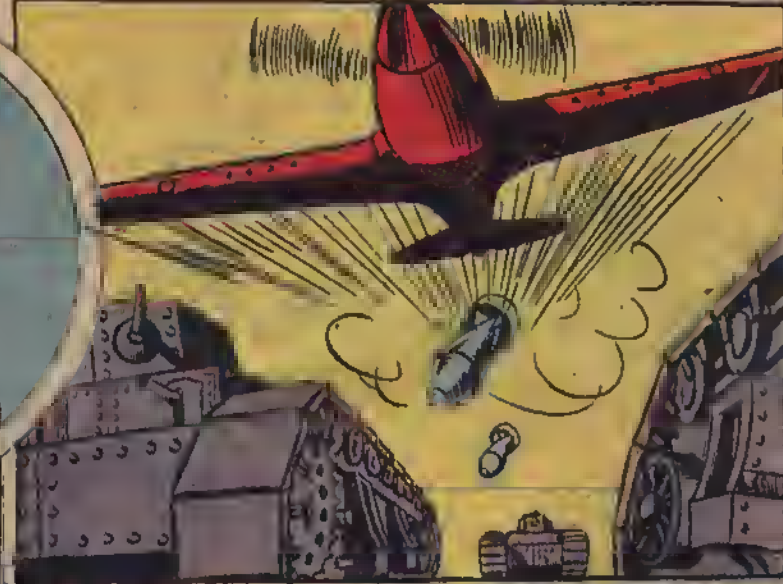
WE DIDN'T GET HERE ANY TOO SOON CLATRA! THOSE POOR DEVILS CAN'T STAND UP TO THOSE TANKS.



HOW MANY BOMBS HAVE WE GOT LEFT?

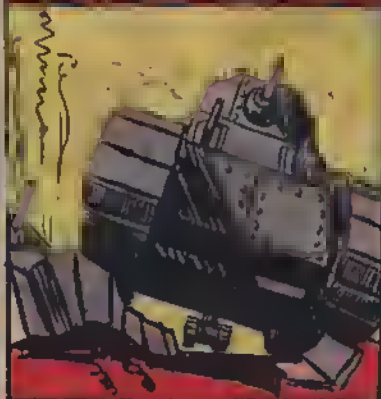
ONLY TWO BOMBS MASTER

LET'S USE THEM.
DROP THOSE EGGS!
NOW!



LOGAN'S UNERRING AIM SMASHES
TWO NAZI TANKS TO BITS.....

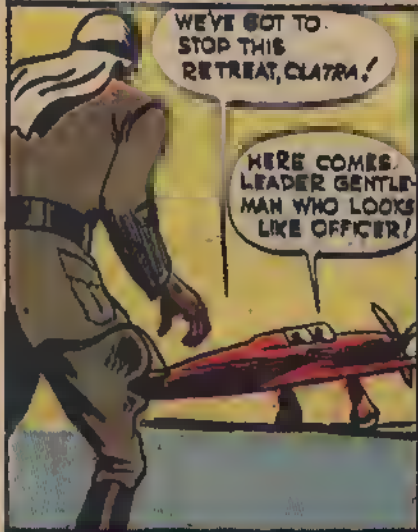
BUT STILL THE PANZER DIVISION
RELENTLESSLY PLODS ON!!



UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE
ONSLAUGHT OF THE TANKS THE
NATIVES TURN AND RUN.



WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THIS
RETREAT, CLATRA!



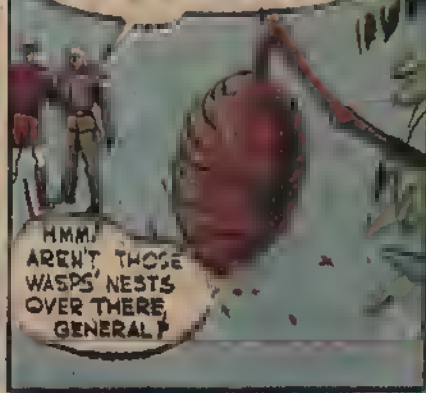
HERE COMES
LEADER GENTLE-
MAN WHO LOOKS
LIKE OFFICER!

I'M LOOP LOGAN.
WHO'S THE
HEAD OF THIS
OUTFIT?

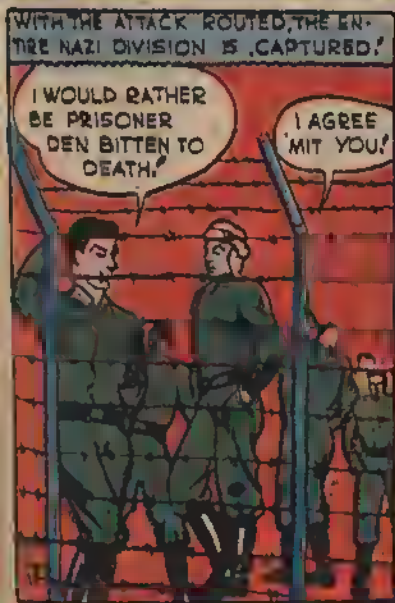
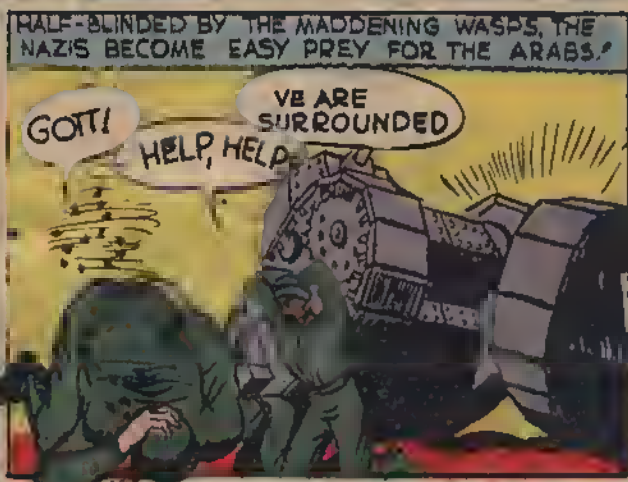
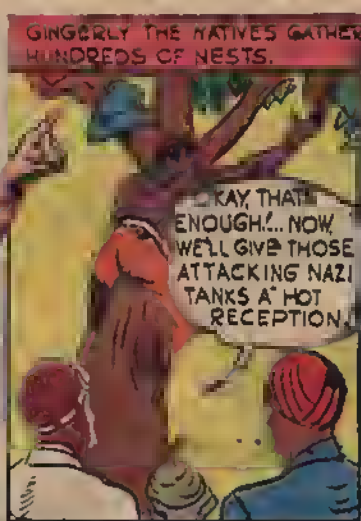


THAT'S ME!
GENERAL DADBAG
AT YOUR
SERVICE!

LOGAN WE ARE IN A VERY BAD WAY
HERE! WE HAVE NO ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS AND NO BOMBING PLANES.
PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER
EVACUATE TOWN! YES?

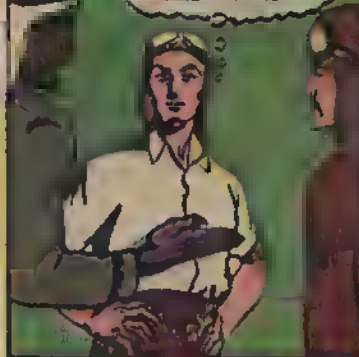


HMM!
AREN'T THOSE
WASPS' NESTS
OVER THERE,
GENERAL?



WE HAVE ONLY TWO UNIFORMS FOR ALL OF US - SO SHARE ALL SHARE ALIKE.

HERE COMES A MESSENGER. HE LOOKS IN A HURRY.



GENERAL DADBAG, SIR... REPORTING FROM OBSERVATION POST. FLEET OF ENEMY PLANES SIGHTED MAKING RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT.



THERE'S NO NAZI AIR BASE WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES WHERE COULD THEY COME FROM?

THERE'S NO TIME TO ASK QUESTIONS. WE'VE GOT TO GET YOUR PLANES UP IN THE AIR. LEAD ME TO THEM.

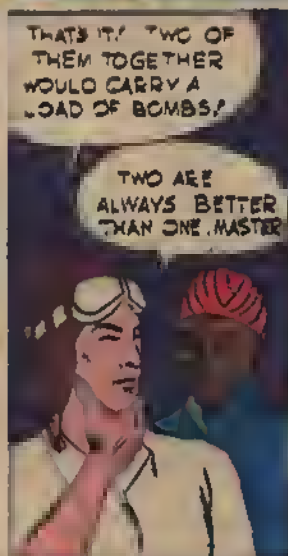


HURRY MEN. HURRY. WHEEL THE PLANE OUT OF THE HANGAR



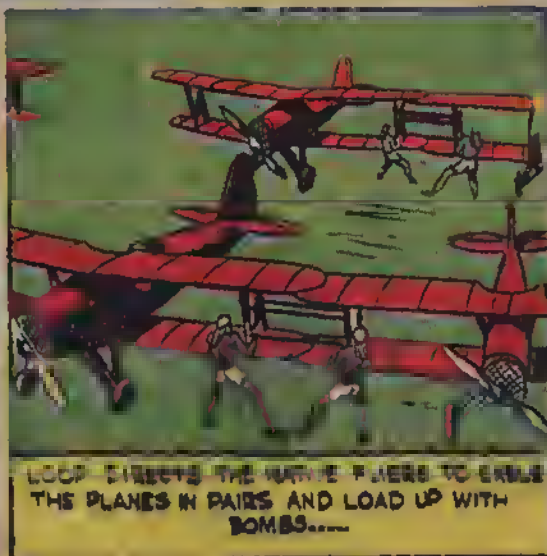
GREAT GUNS. IS THIS ALL THEY'VE GOT? A FLEET OF OLD FASHIONED JENNYS AND TEN FIGHTER PLANES. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE.

WE HAVE TWO MORE MISTER LOGAN

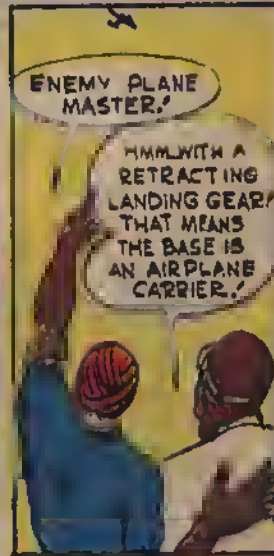


THAT'S IT! TWO OF THEM TOGETHER WOULD CARRY A LOAD OF BOMBS!

TWO ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN ONE MASTER



LOGAN DIRECTS THE NAZI PLANE TO CRASH THE PLANES IN PAIRS AND LOAD UP WITH BOMBS.....



ENEMY PLANE MASTER.

HMM WITH A RETRACTING LANDING GEAR THAT MEANS THE BASE IS AN AIRPLANE CARRIER.

LATER, ABOARD THE NAZI AIRPLANE CARRIER, IN THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NAZI RECONNAISSANCE SCOUT REPORTS TO HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER...



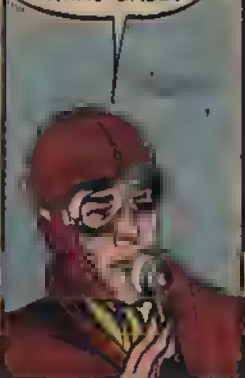
THAT NIGHT THE NAZIS TAKE OFF ON THEIR ERRAND OF DEATH!



AS THE NAZI ZOOCH SKYWARD SUDDENLY, LOOP LOGAN, LEADING FIGHTER PLANES SWOOPS DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS...



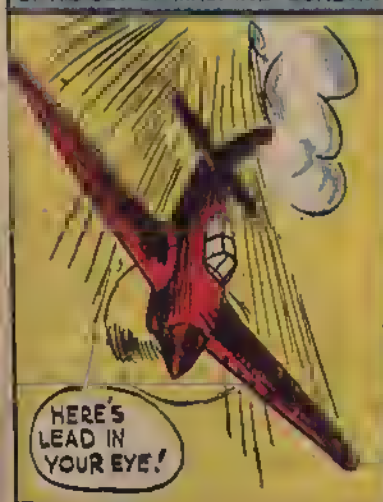
ATTENTION SQUADRON! DRAW ENEMY PLANES OVER THE PERSIAN GULF! AWAY FROM THEIR BASE!



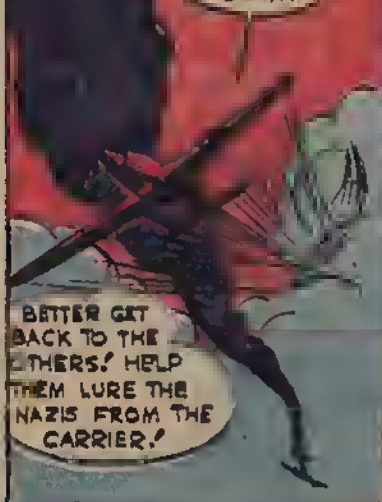
WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY LOOP BREAKS AWAY FROM THE ARABS, DIVES FOR THE REAR OF THE NAZI SQUADRON --



...AND PRESSES THE TRIGGER OF HIS GET OF MACHINE-GUNS...



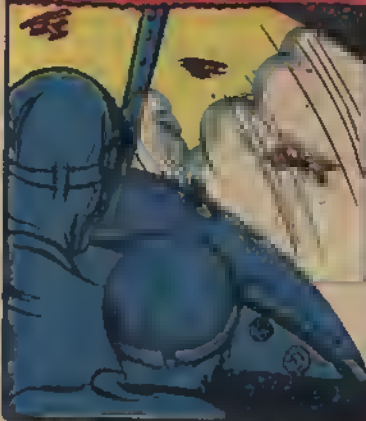
THAT'S ONE DOWN.



ATTENTION SQUADRON! KEEP DIVERTING ENEMY BY RETREATING. FLY YOUR FIGHTERS IN FORMATION



NOT KNOWING HOW TO FLY IN FORMATION THE NATIVE FLIERS DISPERSE IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



ACH! HOW CAN WE FIRE AT THEM? VY DON'T THEY FLY IN FORMATION?

LOOK! BOMBERS!



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SKY FLY 1000'S INGENUOUSLY DEvised BOMBERS!

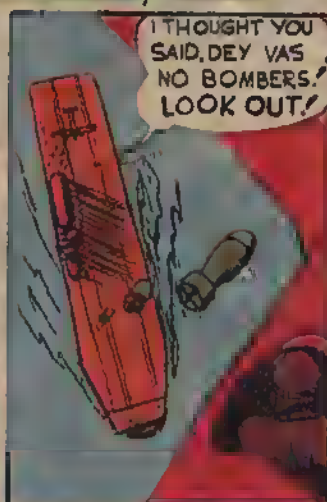


LOOP LEADS HIS BOMBERS OVER THE AIRPLANE CARRIER!



THERE SHE IS! UNLOAD BOYS!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID, DEY VAS NO BOMBERS! LOOK OUT!



THE BOMBS FIND THE AIRCRAFT AND THE CARRIER IS TOTALLY DESTROYED!



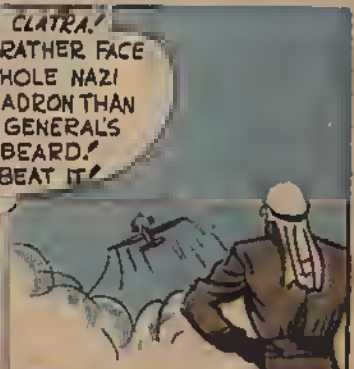
LATER... THE ENTIRE NAZI AIR-THRUST SUCCESSFULLY COUNTER-ATTACKED, LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA TAXI INTO THE ARAB FIELD!



LOO... YOU ARE A WIZARD... YOU'RE MARVELOUS... I FEEL LIKE... LIKE TO KISS YOU!



CLATRA! I'D RATHER FACE A WHOLE NAZI SQUADRON THAN THE GENERAL'S WET BEARD! LET'S BEAT IT!



FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA IN THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE OF **BLUE RIBBON COMICS!**

MR JUSTICE

SO MR JUSTICE HAS FOLLOWED ME EVEN INTO THIS WORLD. WHAT A SURPRISE IS WAITING FOR HIM!

MR. JUSTICE AND PAT CLARK HAVE ARRIVED IN THE WORLD OF THE ATOMS. A WORLD SO SMALL THAT IT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN BY MAN. ON THIS MICROSCOPIC ORB MR. JUSTICE HOPES TO TRAP THE GREEN GHOUL AND RID THE EARTH FOREVER OF THIS HIDEOUS CREATURE OF DEATH AND

S. COOPER

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TRAP HIM INSIDE A RING OF FIRE WHICH I WILL CREATE WITH THIS WAL OF PURGATORY POWDER. THEN I SHALL DESTROY THIS ATOM WORLD-AND HIM AND THE GIRL WITH IT!

MEANTIME... WILL WE EVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH? OR ARE WE TRAPPED HERE FOREVER?

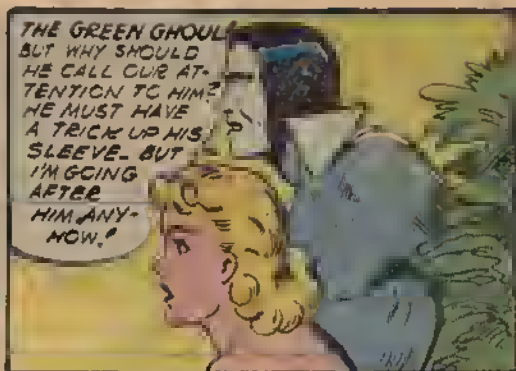
WE SHALL RETURN TO THE EARTH PAT-BUT ONLY AFTER WE HAVE DESTROYED THE GREEN GHOUL!





THE GREEN GHOUL
SCATTERS THE
PURGATORY POW-
DER IN A CIRCLE
AND THEN—

MR. JUSTICE!
MR. JUSTICE!
IF I'M THE ONE
YOU'RE LOOK-
ING FOR COME
ON AND GET
ME— IF YOU
CAN!



THE GREEN GHOUL
BUT WHY SHOULD
HE CALL OUR AT-
TENTION TO HIM?
HE MUST HAVE
A TRICK UP HIS
SLEEVE— BUT
I'M GOING
AFTER
HIM ANY-
HOW!

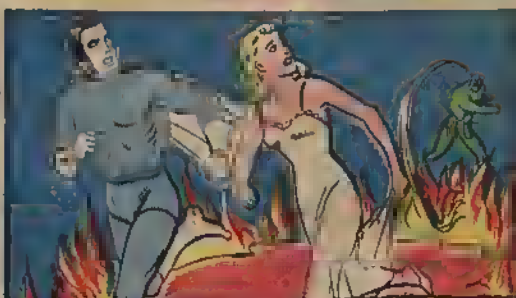


PLEASE BE
CAREFUL!

I—I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE!
MR. JUSTICE...WHAT'S HAP-
PENED?



WE'RE TRAPPED,
PAT! NO BEING—
HUMAN OR SPIRIT—
CAN PASS THROUGH
THE FLAMES OF
PURGATORY
POWDER!



AS THE ROYAL WEAITH PURSUES HIS ENEMY,
THE GREEN GHOUL FLINGS A FLAMING BAG-
GOT INTO THE PURGATORY POWDER, WHICH
FLARES UP—TRAPPING MR. JUSTICE AND PAT
IN THE CENTER OF IT!!



THIS IS YOUR END, MR.
JUSTICE! THE ONLY WAY
YOU CAN ESCAPE IS BY
HAVING A CREATURE OF
THIS ATOM WORLD
RESCUE YOU!

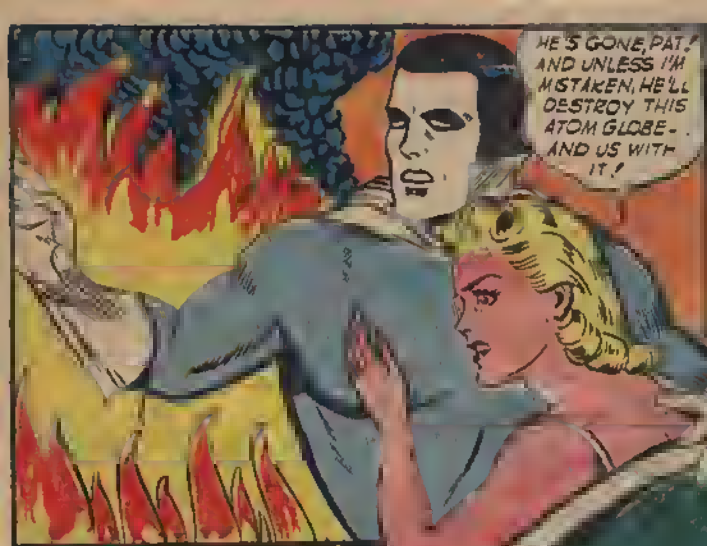
AND THE
ONLY CREATURES
HERE WILL WANT
TO DESTROY YOU, NOT
SAVE YOU! YOU ARE
DOOMED—BOTH
OF YOU!



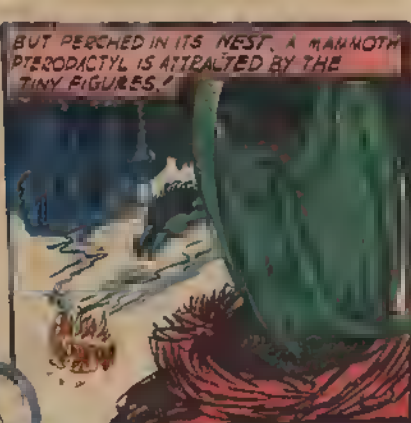
NOW I SHALL RE-
TURN TO MY
NORMAL SIZE
AND DESTROY
THIS ATOM
WORLD AS
EASILY AS IF
IT WERE AN
EGG SHELL!



I'M SORRY PAT!
IT LOOKS AS IF WERE
BOTH FINISHED—
FOR ETERNITY!



HE'S GONE, PAT!
AND UNLESS I'M
MISTAKEN, HE'LL
DESTROY THIS
ATOM GLOBE—
AND US WITH
IT!



BUT PERCHED IN ITS NEST, A MAMMOTH
PTERODACTYL IS ATTRACTED BY THE
TINY FIGURES.



THE BIRD OF PREY SWOOPS DOWN
ON ITS INTENDED VICTIMS!



GOOD
LORD!
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF
THAT THING!



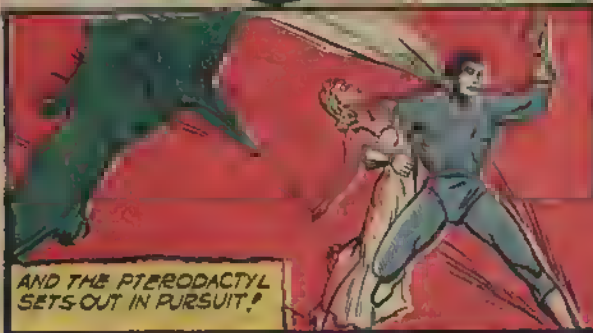
THE PTERODACTYL
GRASPS THE TWO IN
ITS HUGE TALONS!



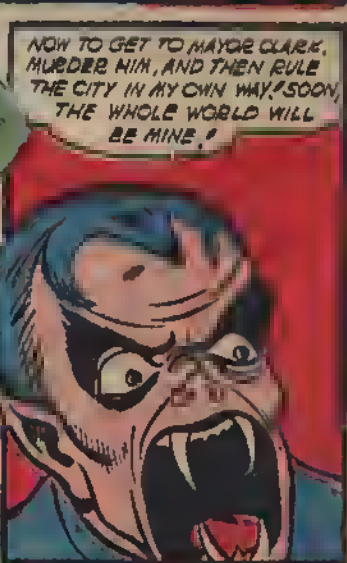
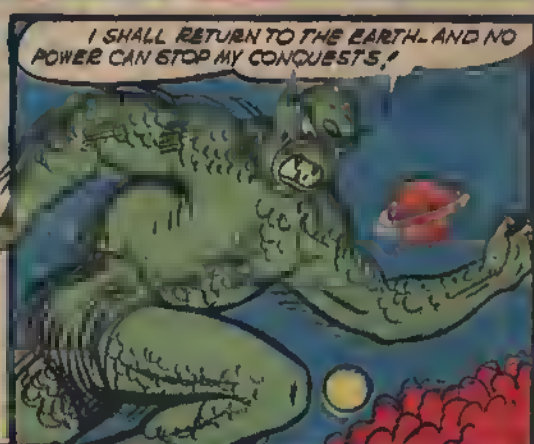
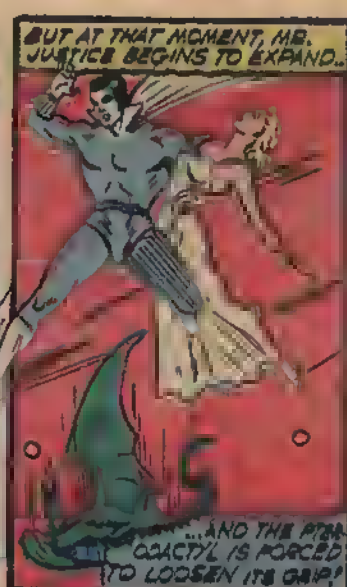
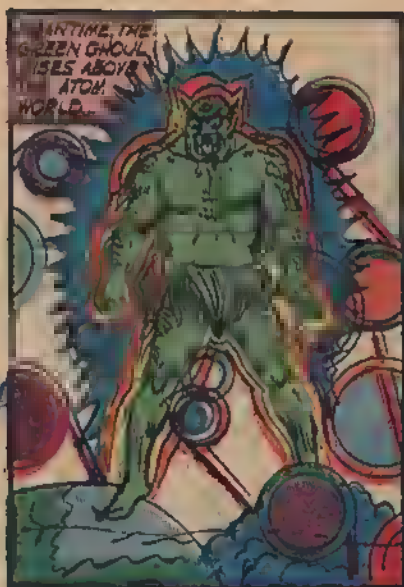
AND DROPS THEM INTO
ITS NEST HIGH ABOVE!



THE MOMENT THE
GREAT BIRD RE-
LEASES THEM
FROM ITS GRASP,
MR. JUSTICE
RACES OFF
WITH PAT!



AND THE PTERODACTYL
SETS OUT IN PURSUIT!

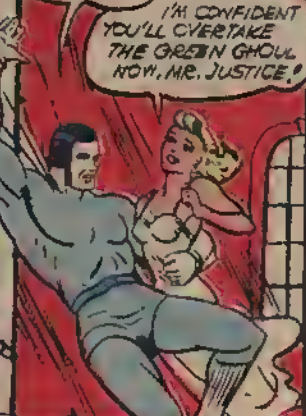
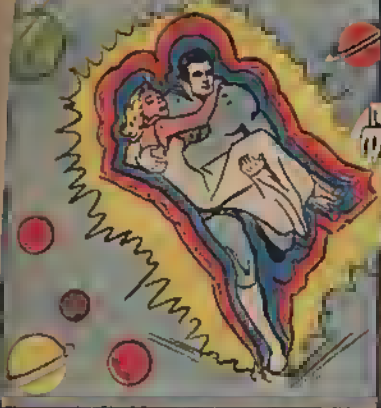


MR. JUSTICE AND PAT CLARK
GRADUALLY GROW IN SIZE, AS THEY
EMERGE FROM THE ATOM - AND
THEN -

THEY START THEIR DESCENT TO
EARTH -

THIS IS WHERE WE BEGAN
OUR ADVENTURE! NOW
WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON
WITH IT!

I'M CONFIDENT
YOU'LL OVERTAKE
THE GREEN GHOUL
NOW, MR. JUSTICE!

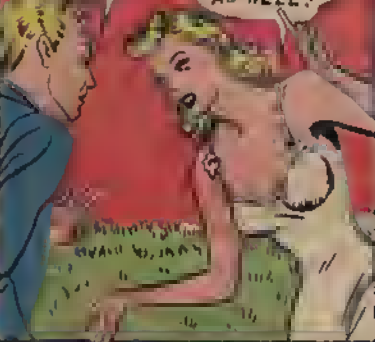


AS THE TWO REACH EARTH ONCE
AGAIN, MR. JUSTICE ASSUMES HIS
MORTAL FORM

BUT WHERE AM
I TO START
LOOKING FOR
HIM? I CAN'T AF-
FORD TO WAIT
UNTIL HE MAKES
HIS NEXT MOVE.

HE KILLED MR.
TRACY AND ENTER-
ED HIS BODY. RE-
MEMBER? DO
YOU SUPPOSE
HE INTENDS TO
USE TRACY'S
BODY TO GET
TO MY FATHER
THEN KILL HIM
AS WELL?

NOW!



I. I'M SO
AFRAID

DON'T BE AFRAID,
PAT. I'M GOING TO
THAT'S WHAT GET IN TOUCH WITH
HE'LL DO! FATHER AT ONCE!

IF THE GREEN GHOUL
DECIDES TO STRIKE -
WE'LL SEE WHAT



MAYOR CLARK, AT THAT
MOMENT, HAS RETURNED
FROM A CONFERENCE IN
WASHINGTON AND ENTERS
HIS OFFICE...

AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE
BACK! I HOPE EVERYTHING
HAS GONE WELL WHILE
I'VE BEEN AWAY!



HELLO! WILL YOU HAVE
MR. TRACY STEP IN
HERE, PLEASE?

YES, MISTER
MAYOR!



SO IT'S MR.
TRACY HE WANTS
TO SEE, IS IT?
HE'LL SEE ME
SOON ENOUGH!





BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE ENTERS THE SCENE...

JUSTICE!
YOU AGAIN!

THOUGHT
YOU TRAP-
PED ME
ON THE
ATOM, DID-
N'T YOU?
WELL, YOU
FAILED!

THE GREEN GHOUL
DASHES MADLY OUT
OF THE OFFICE...

I'LL GET HIM
IN A
MINUTE!
RIGHT NOW,
I'LL HAVE
TO SEE HOW
THE MAYOR
IS!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS,^o BUT STILL
BREATHING.^o THANK HEAVEN
FOR THAT!^o I'LL SEND OUT AN
ALARM AND HAVE HIM TAKEN
CARE OF- AND NOW- I'M
GOING TO GET THE
GHOUL ONCE AND
FOR ALL!^o

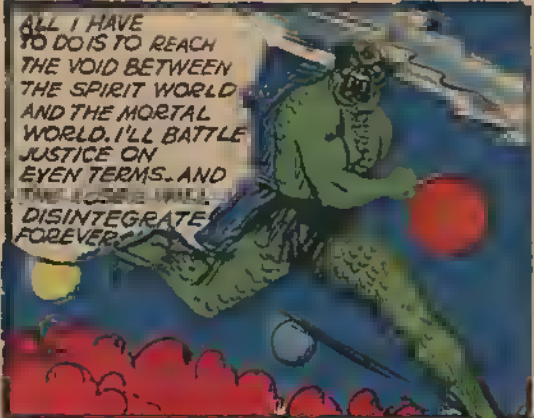
MEANTIME, THE THING THAT EVIL SPAWNED
RACES OUT INTO THE STREET BOWLING
OVER EVERYONE WHO CROSSES HIS PATH!

THERE
HE GOES!

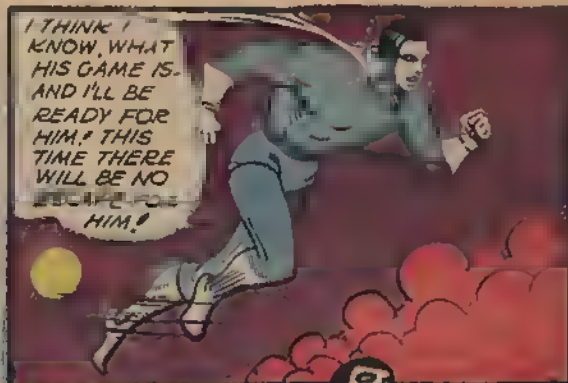
THE GHOUL
SOARS UP
INTO THE
AIR...

YOU WON'T GET ME! I
OUTWITTED YOU ONCE AND
I'LL DO IT
AGAIN!

ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS TO REACH
THE VOID BETWEEN
THE SPIRIT WORLD
AND THE MORTAL
WORLD. I'LL BATTLE
JUSTICE ON
EVEN TERMS. AND
THE LOSER WILL
DISINTEGRATE
FOREVER!



I THINK I
KNOW WHAT
HIS GAME IS.
AND I'LL BE
READY FOR
HIM! THIS
TIME THERE
WILL BE NO
ESCAPE FOR
HIM!



THE GREEN GHOUL REACHES THE VOID
AND WATCHES THE APPROACH OF MR.
JUSTICE...



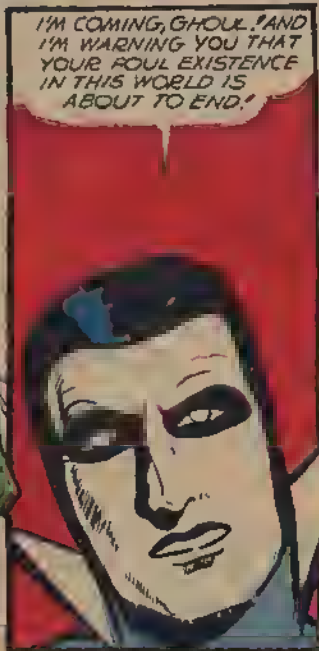
THAT'S JUST WHAT I
THOUGHT HE WAS GOING
TO DO. HE'S REACHED
THE VOID— AND WHEN
I GO IN TO BATTLE
HIM, ONE OF US WILL
FORFEIT ETERNAL
LIFE UNTIL THE
END OF TIME!



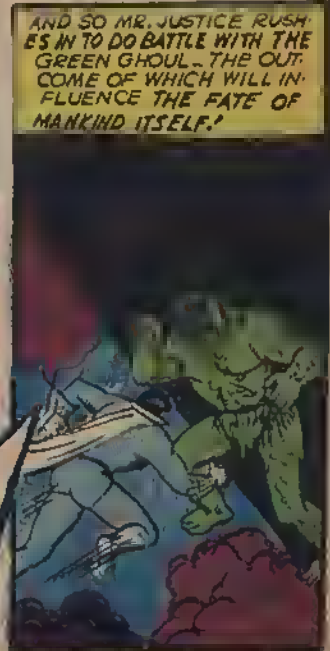
ALL RIGHT, JUSTICE. I'M WAITING
FOR YOU. IF YOU THINK YOU
CAN BEAT ME— COME AND TRY!



I'M COMING, GHOUL! AND
I'M WARNING YOU THAT
YOUR FOUL EXISTENCE
IN THIS WORLD IS
ABOUT TO END!



AND SO MR. JUSTICE RUSHES
IN TO DO BATTLE WITH THE
GREEN GHOUL— THE OUT-
COME OF WHICH WILL IN-
FLUENCE THE FATE OF
MANKIND ITSELF!





IN THIS VOID, YOU'RE
JUST AS VULNER-
ABLE AS A HUMAN
BEING. YOU'RE
NO MATCH
FOR ME.

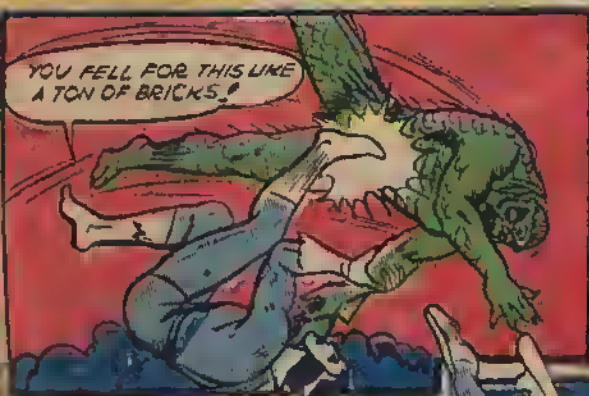
WE'LL SEE ABOUT
THAT. YOU'RE NOT
INVULNERABLE
EITHER.



THE GHOUL LASHES OUT WITH A VICIOUS
BLOW!...



AND LEAPS TO FINISH OFF THE ROYAL
WRAITH!...



YOU FELL FOR THIS LIKE
A TON OF BRICKS.



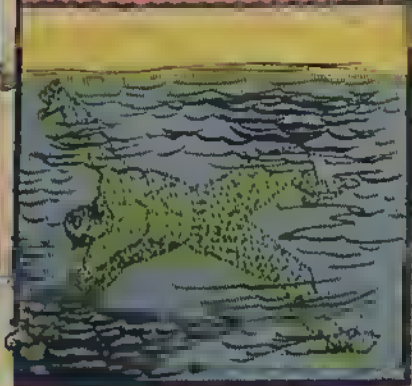
AND NOW I'VE GOT
THE UPPER
HAND.



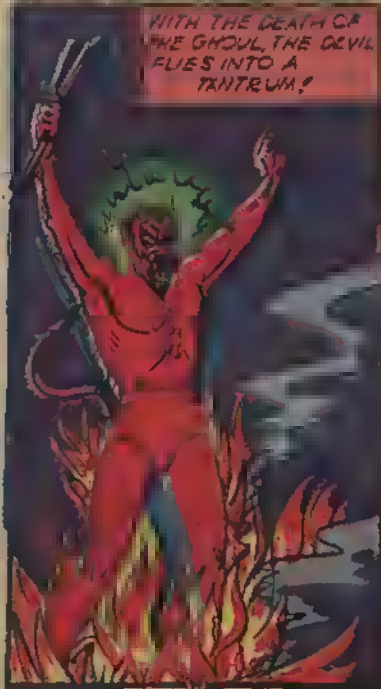
YOU'RE FINISHED
GHOUL.



AND SO THE GREEN GHOUL'S
HIDEOUS LIFE IS ENDED - AND
AS HIS BODY DISINTEGRATES,
THE DUST FALLS INTO THE SEA,
TO SINK TO THE FOUL DEPTHS
FROM WHENCE HE SPRANG.



WITH THE DEATH OF
THE GHOUL, THE DEVIL
FLIES INTO A
TANTRUM!

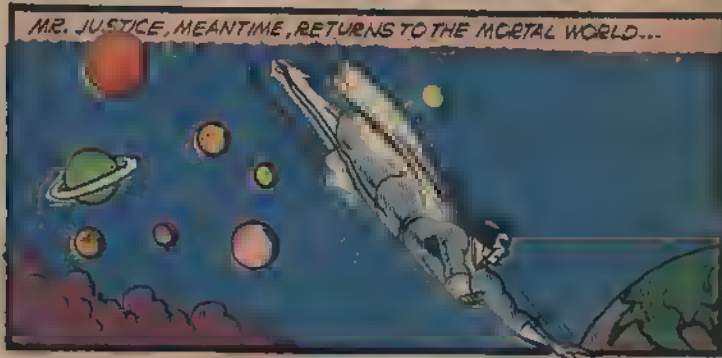


JUSTICE PUT AN
END TO MY CRE-
ATION! BUT I
SHALL CREATE
AN EVEN MORE
HORRIBLE
MENACE THAN
THE GHOUL!

THAT FOOL
RUNS UP AGAINST
THE EVIL EYE!



MR. JUSTICE, MEANTIME, RETURNS TO THE MORTAL WORLD...

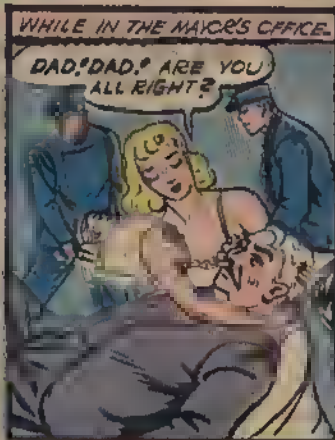


AND ASSUMES
HIS MORTAL
FORM ONCE
AGAIN!



WHILE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

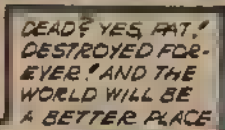
DAD! DAD! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?



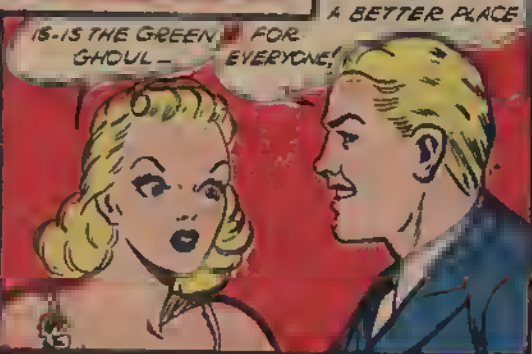
IT WAS THE GHOUL, PAT!
VERY NEARLY FINISHED
ME OFF, TOO! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT SAVED
ME - I LOST CONSCIOUS-
NESS! OH - THERE'S
MR. JUSTICE!



DEAD? YES, PAT!
DESTROYED FOR-
EVER! AND THE
WORLD WILL BE
A BETTER PLACE



IS- IS THE GREEN GHOUL -
FOR EVERYONE!



YOU HAVE
DONE THE
PEOPLE OF
THE WORLD
A GREAT
SERVICE, MR.
JUSTICE!
THANK YOU,
MISTER
MAYOR!



THE EVIL EYE! WHAT MONSTROUS CREATURE
IS IT! NEXT MONTH, MR. JUSTICE SETS OUT TO
OVERPOWER THIS CREATURE FROM THE
OTHER WORLD!

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